

The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

EDITORIAL BOARD
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor
FREDERIC THOMPSON, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager



EDITORIAL COUNCIL
CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

Published weekly and copyrighted, 1935, in the United States, by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
United States: \$5.00; Foreign: \$6.00; Canada: \$5.50. Single copies: \$.10.

VOLUME XXI

Friday, January 18, 1935

NUMBER 12

CONTENTS

The Laity and Church History.....	327	Grandmother's First Love.....	Helene Mullins	338	
Week by Week.....	328	Hermit Mood (<i>verse</i>).....	Lydia B. Littell	341	
Two Letters on Relief.....	Mary L. McClure	331	Seven Days' Survey.....	342	
Sheila Kaye-Smith, Novelist.....	Mary Stack	335	The Play.....	Grenville Vernon	346
Radio and the Future.....	Guglielmo Marconi	337	Communications	347	
Seen on Dublin Hillsides (<i>verse</i>).....			Books	Raymond Larsson,	
	Seumas O'Sullivan	338		George N. Shuster, Philip Burnham,	
				Jerome Mellquist.....	349

Previous issues of THE COMMONWEAL are indexed in the *Readers' Guide* and the *Catholic Periodical Index*

THE LAITY AND CHURCH HISTORY

WHETHER or not the world is actually in the grip of an immediate crisis, whether or not it is soon to witness a subsidence of the prevailing storm, the task of Catholics remains the same. Unless almost unthinkable disobedience to the pleas and the commands of Christ's Vicar on earth, our Holy Father the Pope, is to be committed by our Catholic leaders, and their people, there is only one course open to them all: namely, a world-wide intensification of Catholic Action, and of those subordinate and auxiliary Catholic movements which extend the influence of the Church throughout all circles of human society.

Among such movements, few could be more important than one for the prompt and efficient diffusion of the lessons of church history, in such a manner that the leaders of the laity may be enabled to become true apostles of the Christian way of life by impregnating the general circles of our common national life with the Catholic ex-

perience of the past, and the vital principles of Catholic truth. How may this great need, this wonderful opportunity, be met and employed? Surely, in some degree at least, through an organized plan—a cooperative alliance between such an authoritative group of experts in church history and a group of laymen drawn from organized lay societies.

We think we recognize as clearly as most sensible men would recognize, that organized planning is at best a poor substitute for the personal initiative and the creative genius of individuals. No mere planned campaign for the extension of the influence of Catholic history can automatically call forth the work of a Saint Augustine, for example, or of a Baronius, or a Bossuet, or a Lingard, or a Pastor, or a John Gilmary Shea. No; but the work of distributing the fruits of their work can be organized, can be expedited, can be planned, can be extended, and

can be made available in definite ways to definite contemporary situations. Only God may create the true, vital, original historian's vocation. But men may, men have, and men should organize practical ways and means of supporting the work of the primary class of historians. They may also see to it that those historical writers who are competent to condense, adapt and apply to source materials provided by the original authorities, and who can safely be entrusted with many minor researches and studies, are deliberately directed toward subjects of contemporary interest and value, and aided to deal with them. There are scores of tasks awaiting such a movement.

At a recent meeting of the American Catholic Historical Association in Washington, the president, for the year 1934—who happened to be the editor of this journal—made this subject the theme of his address. It will be published in full in the next number of the association's review, and we trust that the practical suggestion it ventured to make will be given ample consideration and discussion. The concluding paragraphs of the address are as follows:

"Is it presumptuous in me, gentlemen, to make the suggestion that in this year, when this association, under the inspiration and expert guidance of its secretary, Dr. Peter Guilday, has accomplished so notable and so valuable a task as its cooperative study and expression of the fruits of Maryland's Catholic foundation (which itself belongs so vitally and so happily to the history of the relations between Church and State in our own country)—is it, I say, presumptuous in me to suggest that the association might properly undertake the even greater task of organizing a joint committee of its own members, and of members to be appointed by such lay groups as may seem best adapted for such an undertaking, for the purpose of planning and directing a movement to apply the lessons of church history along some such lines as those I have so tentatively and imperfectly indicated above?

"I leave the question with you. Even if it have no other merit, perhaps at least it may serve to cause a discussion, or to start private and personal thinking, which will lead to far better things. In conclusion, I shall leave with you a thought, drawn from a Christian though not a Catholic writer, which contains, it seems to me, a truth of vital importance to such a gathering as this. It is taken from an essay by Mr. Maurice B. Reckitt, contained in a volume entitled, 'Christianity and the Crisis.' Mr. Reckitt, after analyzing the nature of the world crisis, says:

"In a conflict of falsehoods, staged in a world of deadlock and drained vitality, no authentic recovery can come, save from the divine society which must interpret what it worships—the Way, the Truth and the Life. Such is the call to the

Church of this generation. But the call carries no guarantee of success with it, even if the response be faithful. It is not for us to imprison God's purposes within human horizons, or to demand that religion shall recover in a lifetime what it has been so largely content to surrender for centuries. We may be entering upon a new Dark Ages of social confusion, world upheaval and racial war. But the lesson of the Dark Ages is that the faithfulness of a few may restore what the recklessness of millions has seemed to obliterate forever; and a study of those centuries is a revelation of the inadequacy of evolutionary hypotheses and materialist philosophies of history. The man born in 880 might have died in despair of every Christian value and every human hope. But fifty years after his death the assured foundations of medieval Christendom were laid. The man born in 1880 may die in a similar dismay. Yet from his fidelity may spring the Christendom of the new world, which, without it, may be halted for generations.'

"Beyond all men save only the saints themselves, and the authoritative custodians of the sacred doctrine of Christ, it is Catholic historians, it seems to me, who may best apply Mr. Reckitt's words to their own task, and their own responsibility. All that a mere layman can add is the expression of his strong belief that there are thousands of the Catholic laity most willing to undertake their own lesser, yet essential, part in that inspiring task, in attempting, at least, to convince our distressed and troubled and anxious and fearful fellow men that what I quoted in beginning these remarks, from President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, is indeed true: 'The meaning of history is not Caesar but Jesus: history tends not toward Caesar but toward Jesus.'"

Week by Week

CONGRESS opened much as had been anticipated. The membership refused to gag the vote on the soldiers' bonus but lined up behind the President as a matter of general policy. Though the Senate Trend of Events was said to harbor its share of critics, the outlook for a fair share of administration harmony was good there, too. The principal concern of the message was unemployment, Mr. Roosevelt making several clear and important statements. First, he said that he did not believe in direct relief for 3,500,000 heads of families now out of work, but favored giving them employment on federal projects until such time as they could be reabsorbed into private industry. Second, he agreed that 1,500,000 "destitute unemployables" could not be aided from Washington and would, there-

fore, be instructed to look to the states for help. Third, the wages to be paid for labor publicly employed "should be in the form of security payments which would be larger than the amount now received as a relief dole, but at the same time not so large as to encourage the rejection of opportunities of private employment or the leaving of private employment to engage in government work." While Mr. Roosevelt hazarded no guess as to what the plan would cost, it was reported in the budget message that \$4,000,000,000 would be asked. It was generally surmised in Washington that the amount required would be \$5,000,000,000 annually. The plan as a whole is, of course, a compromise between the suggestions offered by supporters of a liberal spending policy and the well-known arguments of private industry. Almost immediately the President was attacked from both sides.

THE PRINCIPAL and dangerous illusion of social planning which envisages an improvement in the general level of human life through a change in the political or economic system, is the idea that the plan will operate automatically.

As a matter of fact, almost any plan will work if the constituent elements, the body politic, desire it to work and apply themselves cheerfully to the details of its working. Conversely, it will not work if the constituent elements oppose it and, to use contemporary terminology, sabotage it. The neglect of this truth leads to endless argument, spite and destructiveness. The Church, with its inspired common sense, has been the great custodian of the truth. It has never failed in its emphasis on personal perfection. There have been instances when members of the Church, even the Popes, have been hurried breathlessly by some political order or another into an apparent endorsement of it; this, however, was only a *modus vivendi*, a dealing of necessity with things as they were. Historically, the Church has sought men of goodwill rather than the overthrow of any system which did not deny or forbid the Church's existence. Not infrequently because of its very recognition of the truth and its reasonable apprehension as to the utopianism of any projected new order, the clergy and the hierarchy have presented the appearance of a drag on progress, and have been in real opposition to change. However, whatever change comes (and history shows that change since the beginning of recorded history is pretty constant), their work is fundamental to the transient and imperfect success of the new order; without men instructed and strengthened in morals, of sanctified good-will, riot and ruin will rule a land whatever its political or economic system, injustice and violence will prevail.

OPPOSITION to Mr. Josephus Daniels has now been publicly voiced in Congress, and the State Department has taken cognizance of the rising tide of opposition to this appointee. We concur heartily with the opinion that Mr. Daniels, who, to begin with, never possessed qualifications sufficient to justify his appointment to any diplomatic post whatsoever, is totally out of place in Mexico.

The Ambassador to Mexico

During the troubled months of the Hitler régime, the United States was fortunate in possessing consuls and an embassy which represented its ideals admirably and did much to stem the fury of revolution. Mr. Dodd, Mr. Messersmith and their associates acted in accordance with sound American tradition, in a spirit of human service which benefited thousands. We feel that the situation in Mexico justifies the same effort to combine a sound policy with the recognition of principle. That the right kind of ambassador can do something below the Rio Grande was demonstrated by the late Dwight Morrow. That Mr. Daniels can ever accomplish anything requiring intelligence is a possibility for which there is no evidence. It is really an extraordinary circumstance that Carleton Beals, not a familiar figure inside church walls, should have made the speech which Mr. Daniels ought to have made. Indeed, it is worse than that. Mr. Daniels made the speech best calculated to misrepresent thoughtful public opinion in the United States. This was, of course, not his fault. He simply didn't know any better; and our sole point here is that ambassadors to countries as important to us as is Mexico should possess better qualifications than vote-getting and vapidty.

REFLECTING upon ideas expressed at the recent meeting of the Catholic Historical Association, we find ourselves wondering if the relationship between belief and history is sufficiently understood. Some have been known to feel that the average Catholic scholar is too much concerned with the past—that he does so much digging in authorities and precedents that his faculty of original thinking is impaired. We recall having heard Father Erich Przywara, the noted German Jesuit, expound that thesis. On the other hand, too little acquaintance with what has gone before might well be even more disastrous. Already in the fifth century, the necessity for keeping in constant touch with the "sources" was demonstrated. Then, for example, Christianity made its first great effort to employ philology for getting and keeping "the record straight." How vastly more important this is today! A great many of our controversies, quarrels, problems and mutual suspicions could be ironed out if people would only

History and Belief

take the trouble to become familiar with historical fact. Between 1880 and now, an unprecedented effort was made by Catholic scholars to survey the past; and their success was so extraordinary that one may say the whole trend of modern intellectualism has been changed. But somehow most of their labor does not seem to filter down to less industrious strata of the population. Howlers abound—many of them avoidable if only a little care and caution were normal. What can be done to remedy the situation?

SOME few weeks ago, we commented on work being done to find an effective vaccine against infantile paralysis, that dreaded scourge which the medical man calls anterior poliomyelitis. Inadvertently no reference was made to the splendid efforts of Dr. John

A. Kolmer, professor of medicine in Temple University and director of the Research Institute of Cutaneous Medicine, Philadelphia. Last August Dr. Kolmer reported that a large number of monkeys had been inoculated with his vaccine of attenuated virus. Then both he and his technical assistant, Miss Anna M. Rule, demonstrated their faith in the complete safety of the new method by themselves taking three doses. The results were wholly satisfactory. More recently Dr. Kolmer has successfully vaccinated a group of twenty-five children, varying in age from eight months to fifteen years. His own two sons were in the group. In no case was there the slightest trace of ill effect; and twenty-one of the children showed promptly the production of sufficiently large amounts of antibody to justify the belief that protection against the disease had been effected. Though the duration of the immunity has not yet been fixed, monkeys vaccinated two years ago are still completely immune. Since Dr. Kolmer has been able to show that immunity begins to develop a few days after the first dose of vaccine has been taken, it would appear that the preventive gives promise of usefulness in combating epidemics of this terrible disease and that general immunity is not improbable, once the practice of inoculating children becomes established.

THE RATS of Hamlin made a fairly crawly story, and one which probably had a considerable basis of truth. At any rate, rats have been known to congregate in the overwhelming masses, to devastate some strip of field, or gut some food storehouse. But the rodents of medieval Hamlin diminish almost to the status of household pets by comparison with the plague of modern Seymour, in Australia: snakes. The late heavy floods in the region about this town have left behind them a heavy reptilian deposit.

Nature, with her mysterious abundance of thoroughly disagreeable things, seemingly had countless snakes to spare; and the subsiding waters showed them festooned by hundreds upon trees and shrubbery, covering walks, wriggling in masses over people's lawns. They are found in houses, stores, even in the police station. It is too late to breed giant hunting cats and dogs, as giant cats are said to be bred in Paris, to exterminate sewer rats. Hamlin had its piper, who exacted his price, but did his job. Who will come to the aid of Seymour—unless perhaps herpetologist Dr. Ditmars?

WRITING in *Books* for January 6, 1935, Dr. Alice Hamilton, of the Harvard Medical School, says: "Even the Catholic Church has recently reversed her age-long position with a suddenness that is amazing, and whereas up to now Catholic women have

been forbidden to do anything to avoid child-bearing, since this would be to prevent the incarnation of waiting souls, now they are forbidden to use only certain methods of contraception. . . ." We have quoted because Dr. Hamilton's statement represents an error very prevalent at the moment, and we feel sure that she and all the others who repeat it in good faith will welcome a correction. As has been repeatedly pointed out in the many recent discussions of this subject, in this and other Catholic publications, the Catholic Church teaches, now as always, that the chief natural end of marriage is procreation, and its chief glory children. She does not endorse, she has not endorsed, a marriage directed only at the fulfilment of sexual desire. Papal encyclicals condemn, in accord with Catholic tradition, the use of artificial methods to prevent conception. Finally, Catholic moral teaching recognizes that the natural law cannot be invoked to suppress what that law itself allows—the legitimacy of married life to those who are of themselves sterile, either permanently or at certain periods. There has been no change in this teaching, which is a *consensus theologorum*. Certain contemporary scientists claim to have demarcated the periods of sterility much more accurately than formerly, and thus to have made possible a certain "control" of sterility; and it has been the comparatively wide publicity attending upon these experiments and findings (on the subject of which no official declaration has yet been made) which has given rise to the gravely mistaken impression described above. We repeat, therefore: the moral teaching on the whole subject of birth control is what it has always been. Children are still the prize of life and the prime natural object of marriage, in the eyes of the Church; and she still condemns selfishness and unnaturalness in the sex relation.

TWO LETTERS ON RELIEF

By MARY L. McCLURE

DEAR EDITOR: The enclosed "Open Letter to Uncle Sam" expresses my feelings as a Catholic woman and I would like to get it into a Catholic magazine. The conditions are just as I have described them. Now it seems to me that it is up

to Catholics to express their disapproval of such conditions, especially lay people, fathers and mothers with Catholic ideals, interested in preserving the Catholic ideal of the family.

I have a large family myself, and they are the beginning and the end of my existence. I have only been working outside because of my husband's illness and the difficulty the boys have had in finding work. I meet many young people and when I see the plight they are in I get quite "soapboxy," although by nature I don't like ranting and publicity. We older ones have had our lives, and for myself I have discovered that the secret of wealth is to want very little materially. But people do need decency and a minimum of security and a certain outlet for their energy, and most of the poor children of today can't have this. They are willing enough to work and it is a terrible thing to see them forced into becoming loafers. In my own family I have insisted upon the same hour for rising, and the same regular living, depression or no depression, and if we couldn't find anything else to do we could keep on scrubbing the woodwork. But I have visited homes—good homes—where the boys were lying in bed at noon simply because they had grown discouraged and didn't care any more. And I had one experience of seeing a boy, one of the older ones, who had looked for work steadily for three years, start out to apply for a job that was almost surely his for the asking, and return unnerved and almost crying because he couldn't apply any more. He was a good young man and an expert telegrapher before the depression, but I don't think he'll ever be the same.

The Communists are concentrating their efforts on these very young people who are becoming so dissatisfied with things as they are. They at least offer the youngsters something. They offer them activities in the form of courses in economics, Marxian of course, public speaking and so forth. They advocate the joining of societies and clubs for the avowed purpose of trying to get acquainted

Administering relief is a difficult task about which other countries know a great deal. The thing is relatively new in America, and the machinery creaks not a little. Impressed by what she had seen, the author of the following two letters may be said to have opened up a very important subject. We are printing the two just as received, excepting that one or two personal matters have been omitted from the "Letter to the Editor." Together they constitute, we think, a document based directly on actual contemporary life.—The Editors.

with other young people and persuading them to join the Young Communist League. I have thought of doing a bit of looking around on my own account by visiting some of their schools and listening in at their meetings. I get my information now from the papers

they publish and from the talk among the many youngsters I know, some of whom frequent the Y. C. L. headquarters.

My object in presenting the dangers of our relief system is to help fight the dangers from the inside. If we don't do anything somebody else will, and as I see the present situation it is the opportunity for Catholic Action and the triumph of Catholic ideals. . . .

My dear Uncle Sam:

Working for you as an investigator on the federal Occupational Survey of Relief Families, recently, I had the opportunity of seeing certain phases of the relief program in operation, and as one of the *hoi polloi*, to whom the practical effects of your policies are of paramount importance, I would like to bring certain matters to your attention in its regard.

I hope you will believe me when I say that my statements are made in a spirit of loyalty and cooperation, and that all my knocking is to be done strictly in the family. Because there is nothing I want so much as to see the success of the New Deal. You see, as a Catholic I have felt that it was in keeping with the principles laid down in the encyclicals of 1891 and 1931, and especially that it was a "Christian renewal of the whole social life." And like many another mother with young sons just coming into manhood, I have hoped great things from it. But there are certain things connected with the federal work relief program that are dangerous, and you ought to know about them. For it seems to me that they are going to be the cause of more and more criticism of the New Deal by its enemies, who insist that it is based on regimentation and the infringement of natural human rights. One of those natural rights is that of inviolability and privacy of family life, which under F.W.A. is being infringed.

First of all, I would like to say that in the course of the survey I found considerable regret for the late C.W.A. The consensus of opinion was

that it was a "step in the right direction." I know that it has been called a political football, but that was the fault of dishonest politicians. It could be used honestly. The principle was good, and the idea back of it dignified and American.

This is my own personal experience under C.W.A. and that of some 600 or 700 of my fellow workers who have now formed a Guild of Office Workers: We registered at the central clearing-house for employment, viz., the State-City Employment Bureau, stated our qualifications, our family conditions and number of dependents, giving our references. We waited our turns, and when a chance presented itself we were called. We used neither pull nor influence. The work was useful—the Real Property Inventory—and incidentally it was successful because the men at the head of the projects were experts in their line, and interested in the work itself, not in politics. We worked hard and honestly, were not subject to the indignities of investigators, and we felt when we received our checks that we had given value for value. It was a plan of "employment for the unemployed," not a "charity" affair, and anyone, unemployed, and willing to work, was eligible.

One of the criticisms recently made to me regarding C.W.A. was that on one occasion a rich man's son had been known to obtain a job. The criticism was made by a rich man's wife, working on a county job! Surely the right to work is another natural right and anyone willing to work should be allowed to do so. The work is not so easy as a rule that there will be a rush of millionaires' sons and daughters to get it!

F.W.R. replaced C.W.A., and under this system it is absolutely necessary to be "on relief" in order to be considered for a job.

During our recent Occupational Survey, I learned a great deal about "relief"—the humiliation and degradation of it. After the preliminary survey it was necessary to make a check, and I was one of those chosen to do the work, which required a careful reading of "case-records." The word "case-record" has since become to me something like a red rag to a bull!

It used to be that families "on charity" were comparatively few. Quite often the reasons for the necessity for help were innate shiftlessness and inability to manage one's own affairs. Today these reasons do not apply. Thousands are forced to seek relief who have always been hard-working and thrifty, and who are in trouble through no fault of their own. They do not need to be advised and budgeted and "reconstructed." They need *work*. They will know what to do with it if it is offered to them. And most of them will know, better than any young social worker, how to stretch a dollar to the breaking point. They have learned in the hard school of experience.

Such people must submit to the entry into their homes of a group of amateur psychoanalysts, answer their questions, and listen to their advice. Always remembering that the adviser holds the grocery-order in her hand, and that ten chances to one the children are hungry! For, as you probably know, when a family is destitute and in need of help the procedure is this: the head of the family makes application for relief; an interviewer talks with him or her, and assigns a Visitor to the case for investigation.

Now it seems that such a commission as this should be received in a spirit of deep humility and diffidence, so great is the responsibility involved. And that probably is what is intended. But power in small hands is a very dangerous thing. Judging from the records, a bunch of embryo psychiatrists and amateur psychologists is turned loose upon these families to try out their theories. They may have "majored" in social science, or, judging from the way they mix up their terms, they may have only a smattering of Freud to recommend them, but they are enterprising souls and feel that they are eminently fitted to "reconstruct" these families less fortunate than themselves. And before you know it they have, in their own jargon, developed very severe cases of "superiority complex."

Reams of good paper and hours of good time are wasted in minute descriptions of clients' houses, the color schemes of their bathrooms, etc. The Visitor talks to the neighbors, listens to back-fence gossip, returns to the office and records every minute bit of scandal she has been able to gather. She draws her clients out and inveigles them into discussing their affairs, even to their most intimate marital relations, matters that decent people do not as a rule discuss promiscuously. Then the Visitor gives advice. Always, you understand, with the grocery order in her hand, so to speak.

I am not going to make lengthy quotations from the records, although I have the information in my possession. But apparently the salvation of the world is to be accomplished primarily with a lysol bottle. The fact that the use of artificial means of birth control might be contrary to the consciences of some clients is not considered. If they have a large family, they "breed like rabbits" and must be educated.

Some of the families I visited personally, and later read the records on their cases. In many homes I learned touching lessons of patience, courage and faith, and of old-fashioned family loyalty. But according to the records most of these clients were of "low mentality," had fixations and complexes, and were either "schizophrenics" or paranoiacs. By what authority, and on what basis? Years of study go into the making of a reliable psychiatrist, but these visitors

are told from the start that a "social worker" recognizes instantly a psychopathic case. And apparently we are all psychopaths, exceptin' me an' thee!

From the records also, I learned that religious sentiment of any kind was a sign of "low mentality." Faith and gratitude were fanatical. Inability to speak English is either a sign of "dumbness" or cunning. One wonders what rating Visitors would receive if suddenly dropped onto the shores of Italy or into the heart of Poland or Germany? Some of the entries have unconscious humor: "His trousers were in a deplorable condition, but Visitor could only promise to call early next month to discuss them with him!" One wonders if the expense of the "discussion" might not better be used to replace the dilapidated pants! It would be funny if it were not so tragic.

Evidently privacy is a thing of the past. Visitors have the entry at night equally as in the day. "Visitor called, but as it was rather late they had retired for the night. The man was sleeping in the kitchen, so the interview was necessarily held from the porch." Follows the record of a long conversation, with the final cryptic comment: "During the interview the man was wreathed in smiles!" Shades of Sally Rand!!!

There is a very different spirit in relief families this year from that of a year ago. Last winter people were still hopeful—work was starting up under C.W.A.—they were very friendly to government representatives, anxious to discuss things. Now they are sullen and suspicious. It takes time and tact to get them to talk at all. In one home I visited the man was quite rude at first, but after a while he burst out furiously, and the story he told was this:

At the neighborhood grocery he had run up a bill in the amount of \$7. Then, further credit being denied him, he had applied for relief. A grocery order for \$14 for two weeks was given him, on the same grocery where he owed the bill. The result was that the grocer deducted the \$7 owing, and the family was expected to live on the remaining \$7 for two weeks. When the food gave out, he went to the District Office and asked for more help, trying to explain the situation in his broken English. The Visitor told him definitely, "Nothing doing until the first of the month." "But my children have nothing to eat. Where will I get food for them?" "Go out and steal it, I guess," was the answer. And the man finally went to the police station where some of the patrolmen bought bread for his family.

Marie Antoinette's famous "Let them eat cake" caused a lot of trouble, and it's my first guess that when trouble arises in these United States it will start in the charity offices. With a wisecrack.

Another thing. There is quite an increase of "white collar workers" on the relief rolls. These people not only think, but are articulate. They are going to be the "voice crying in the wilderness" and they are going to be heard. Their cry will be "Work, not charity." And work by which a man can retain his dignity and liberty.

There is one family I know quite well. They have in their day lived well—in the \$10,000 a year class. The man lost his job, his home and his investments. The wife worked when she could find anything. And then they were forced to apply for relief. Recently it was necessary for the mother to request a pair of shoes for the baby. She rather hesitatingly asked if she might get a certain style as her little girl was used to them. She was told she could take clodhoppers or nothing. "If they're good enough for the government they're good enough for you. . . . The style you want is not for 'charity people.'"

According to the New Deal, based on Christian principles, charity should be patient, kind, should not be puffed up. But apparently charity must above all be brusque, and its stigma must be retained at any cost. My thoughts wander back to a famous English orphanage, the Bluecoat Boys. The school dated back to Edward VI, I believe, and so did the uniform of its inmates. Long ungainly blue coats, no hats and yellow stockings. When any of their number appeared on the streets, other children used to follow them singing an idiotic rhyme:

He lost his hat in the vinegar-pot
And dipped his legs in the mustard!

I never did; I used to feel like knocking the singers down. But at least they kept the stigma in charity as quite evidently it was intended.

Suspicion is the order of the day. Above all one must guard against chisellers. And so, in addition to the lysol bottle and the Gospel according to Dr. Freud, they arm themselves with a magnifying glass and go about stealthily, in search of clues.

In one family visited, the young son, George, spent most of his time at the garage where he used to work, dickering with the cars. He preferred to work for nothing than to remain idle, and once in a while he earned a dollar. He is described by Visitor as refined but surly and resentful. On one of these visits, Visitor reports that "George drove up in a car." (The air grows thick with suspicion.) Visitor questioned him and George reported that the car belonged to a customer. But you don't put anything over on Visitor! She took the license number, investigated, and found—that George was telling the truth. On three different occasions the same procedure is reported. And George continues surly and resentful.

Another frequent source of suspicion is the cellar. "Visitor asked to see coal supply. She really wanted to inspect basement. It was rather dark and she could not see very clearly, but she did observe that one fruit cellar was tightly locked." Sh! the corpus delicti.

During a whole week of record reading I discovered but one Visitor with common sense. His report read: "The young woman seems of good intelligence. The problem is strictly one of unemployment. As she did not seem anxious to discuss her personal affairs, Visitor did not intrude."

Now, there are 23,000,000 people on relief in the United States. And more and more families are going to be forced onto relief in order to get jobs. Once a family has been "on relief" something has been done to it that is almost irreparable. Relief jobs necessitate family visitation and investigation. This means that the sacredness of family life is violated, and that one group is unwillingly subjected to another group that has the right of entry into their homes. I say "unwillingly" because although, theoretically, no one is forced to apply to the city for aid, hunger is a very compelling incentive.

A friend of mine, a widow with two children, unable to find work, was told: "Come to me with a case-number and I will give you a job, and also your children." Others, selected on merit for some of the new work, and needing it pretty desperately, have been turned down because they could not qualify on the "relief" clause.

You can see for yourself some of the abuses arising from the new system of forcing people onto relief before aid is forthcoming.

First, the subjection of one group to another. And if you don't think temptation is going to arise in this connection, consider the following incident. A group of investigators, of which I was a member, were being harangued by the chief. Apparently some of the information was coming too slowly. "We've got to have the information, and if they won't give it—well, I'm not exactly telling you to *threaten* them." No, but he was suggesting it. And in the face of specific instructions from Washington to each investigator that no offense was to be given to clients.

Second, the easier breaking down of a person's morale and a quicker application for relief because of the incentive of a possible job.

Third, fraud in going on relief for the sheer sake of getting work.

And worst of all, a system of espionage of one family upon another, an American G.P.U., evidences of which are already frequent in the records in the form of anonymous letters.

F.W.R., far from being a "return to Christian principles," is putting a premium on some of the most contemptible vices in human nature, viz.,

cowardice, spite and suspicion. In theory it may have advantages, but in practice it is far from the foundation of the New Deal—"Love God and thy neighbor."

One of the nightmares apparent under the relief system is the fear of chisellers. I remember in my youth working in a hospital under a superintendent known as The Dragon. She ran the hospital for the chisellers, and took it for granted that everyone was trying to shirk. She never got the best out of the nurses. Later a different type of woman was appointed. She expected the best and got it, the output of each nurse increasing over 50 percent under the new régime. There were still chisellers, but the good ones made up for their lack.

It would be a pity if the New Deal should be run for the cheats in the same way. They'll always exist, but they are not so numerous. I haven't seen men getting rich on relief—but I have seen an old Jewish man, broken under the shame of "charity," and crying for any kind of work, pick and shovel, anything. And young people, grown surly from the rawness of their nerves, break down under a little courtesy to tell you how they hate "charity," and what they feel it is doing to them.

One of the things I noted particularly on this last survey, as indicative of the general spirit, was the quick change from suspicion to cooperation when they discovered we were out to find the kind of work they could do. At one house in the Italian section, where I had to return by appointment for further information, there was a little delegation awaiting me on my second visit. Our survey included only every sixteenth family, but my client had spread the word, and some of the others were on the job with their most ingratiating manners to ask for work instead of charity. They were quite disappointed when I explained that our survey was purely statistical.

Incidentally, I had my own application in for work as a Visitor before falling into this mess, and was being favorably considered. But after breathing the "charity" atmosphere for a few weeks, I found my stomach turned, and withdrew my application. I love to work for you, Uncle Sam. I think you are the best of bosses. But though I could go scrubbing for you with a glad heart, I could not go nosing and spying upon my neighbor. And I don't think you ever intended it to be that way.

These are stirring times in which we live, and I, for one, am continuing to pin my faith to the New Deal. For the sake of its success I hope I may enlist your interest in this aspect of the relief policies, and I would be glad to give you any further information if you are interested.

Devotedly yours,

Mary L. McClure.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH, NOVELIST

By MARY STACK

FOR MORE than twenty-five years now, Sheila Kaye-Smith has been writing history and geography—the history of the Alards, their neighbors and kinsmen, and the geography of Sussex. The twenty-three novels of these twenty-five years have brought to life Conster Manor, the family seat of the Alards, which was old when the Tudors began to reign and which passed to a younger brother when the only son of the squire turned priest in the days of Elizabeth. The line almost died out at the time of William and Mary, but always a thin flicker survived until the last Gervase Alard in the days after the World War broke up the estate into small holdings, to the dismay of the other squires, and to the ultimate hardship of the yeomen, small farmers, and laborers, whom Gervase, now turned monk, had hoped to benefit. For centuries there had been Alards at Conster; life itself seemed to change with their passing. The survivors wondered how long their own day would last.

By a unique "crossing," this Galsworthian saga is presented against a Hardy-esque background, and the Sussex novels of Sheila Kaye-Smith emerge. Sussex is her domain, her literary private property, as Wessex was that of Hardy. She knows it thoroughly in all its aspects, and her knowledge is at once an advantage and a handicap. With her novels firmly rooted in the Sussex earth, Sheila Kaye-Smith is close to reality. She has at hand a wealth of material which she can easily develop into a novel. Since she knows the elements of a good novel and since she can write well, the result is usually pleasing, though at times the great similarity among her books suggests a literary recipe, taken out every six months, varied with an extra dash of spice, a new ingredient or two, seasoned to taste and put before the public. The concoction is palatable but at times rather disappointing. Even good dishes pall with repetition, and good novels are likely to become merely competent. Too many of Sheila Kaye-Smith's novels fall short of the attainments of a few; when one has called them interesting, he has said all.

Out of these twenty-five years of preoccupation with Sussex has come a host of characters, from the flamboyant Joanna Godden, domineering, childlike, simple, shrewd, to the gentle "shepherd in sackcloth," Mr. Bennet, who saw his whole life summed up in his three daily communicants whom the Bishop would take away. Many of these characters, like Starbrace, never find their place, except in death. Others are contented

enough until love comes to torture them—young love in Sheila Kaye-Smith's Sussex is usually tragic and often cruel. Claude Shepherd, Starbrace, Theresa Silk and many more find it a brief bliss and then a long torment.

Most of Sheila Kaye-Smith's characters are dominated by some emotion which colors, and frequently warps, their otherwise drab lives. Often, this emotion develops into some form of religious enthusiasm: the quasi-religion of Susan Spray, which makes a fortune for the revivalist; Robert Fuller's vibrant, joyous doctrine of personal election; the sincere faith and genuine call which inspired the "tramping Methodists" to preach to hostile crowds. More often, though, this emotion seems but the expression of the great trilogy of Sussex love: love of God, love of man, and love of land. Any one of the three can lift a native of Sussex out of the commonplace. Usually, it is land.

To some of these characters, the land is a thing of beauty and rapture for which they feel an almost physical joy, deepening into an acute nostalgia as they cross the Rother into Kent. Others love Sussex with a quieter emotion, a feeling of deep and satisfying kinship which prevents such as the exiled Claude Shepherd from being happy away from Spell Land. To some few, though, the land is a juggernaut to which life, love, career, ambition, are ruthlessly sacrificed. Only two of the Alards escape: Gervase, who becomes an Anglican monk; and Jenny, who marries a yeoman. The others spin out their lives in blind offering to the land. Jim Parish, who renounced his love for Jenny Alard because his land could not afford a poor bride, is, like the Alards, another slave to the land. So too is Reuben Blackfield, the farmer who sacrifices to his acres mother, brother, wife, sons, love. In the end, he has nothing but the land and he feels content; the earth is eternally the same, and he will soon be part of it.

In spite of the Reuben Blackfields, though, the earth changes, or man changes toward it even in Sussex. What better symbol of the change is there than the suburban development with its gimcrack Tudor homes built on the land of Conster Manor? Lady Mallard (in "Iron and Smoke") sums up this changing attitude when she regretfully concludes that the post-war generation does not want the earth but the things under the earth. As if in response to this thought, Sheila Kaye-Smith has altered the tone of her novels. During this year, she has published two books, "Superstition Corner" and "Gallybird."

The scene of both of them is Sussex, but the locale is comparatively unimportant. The emphasis has shifted from the land to the background; both books might be called historical novels. This is particularly true of "Superstition Corner," a swift-moving story of "Galloping Kate" Alard, a vivid picture of Catholics in the age of Elizabeth.

"Gallybird" (Harper and Brothers. \$2.50) is not so vigorous as its predecessor and is much more difficult to classify. True, it is historical in a sense. Gervase Alard, the non-juring parson, refuses to take the oath to King William, though he does not like James; French Protestants once more find a refuge in England while English Catholics are being driven to France; Louise Alard, Gervase's Catholic sister-in-law, must practise her religion in secret; and Mr. Parsons, the priest, is still hunted. The real center of the book, though, is not history but black magic. Gervase, after he has become squire, revives his youthful enthusiasm in necromancy and imperils thereby his marriage, his position at Conster, his religion. His interest in the spirits conjured up by William Douce almost unseats his reason and eventually kills him, as it had indirectly killed Condemnation, his "little bud," the bastard whom he had so quixotically married. He gives up everything for his magic, as later Alards give up everything for their land. It is fascinating to watch the growth of his obsession, to see him change from a scrupulous, good, if somewhat eccentric, person into a fanatic whose whole thought is upon the secrets of necromancy. It is fascinating too to watch the story unfold, to see the way the author skilfully exposes Gervase's weakness and hammers at it until the man is subdued. Her method is like the gallybird's, that ill-omened woodpecker which never attacks sound trees but only rotting ones. The Alard trees are full of gallybirds; the Alard stock has petered out into this queer Gervase. His magic is the rot for the gallybird to peck at until the man finally dies, a victim of his own weakness.

All this is fascinating, I say. Yet it is remarkable too that one can be fascinated by the deterioration of this man without being really touched by it. The reader is excited by the narrative, but he remains outside looking at a ruin which he is powerless to stop. Indeed, he only half understands what is happening, so remote is the learning of forgotten books on magic. He is amazed at the extent of Sheila Kaye-Smith's knowledge; he feels it to be accurate, to present a faithful picture of the Gervases of all time. But he can feel no horror at the subject, no disgust at the frauds of William Douce or the susceptibility of Gervase Alard, no thrill at the more sinister mysteries lightly hinted at. The "mystic eeriness," which the title suggests and

the publishers praise, vanishes in the length of the book, is swallowed up in its learning. The mood is lost, and "Gallybird," like many of its predecessors, remains a story of a man dominated, pursued, by an all-absorbing passion.

In spite of its difference in theme, "Gallybird" is closely related to the earlier novels. Absorption in black magic is not very far removed from obsessing interest in religion, or love, or land. All are the perils of lonely men. And, as Mr. Parsons suggests in "Gallybird," lonely men are only too likely "to wander into strange ways, to face temptations that don't appear to other men—and delusions, too, delusions of mind rather than of sense, though one may become the other." In their escape from the monotony of the commonplace, from the isolation of misunderstanding, they are likely to worship false gods with passionate enthusiasm. In recognizing the reasonableness of their obsessions, Sheila Kaye-Smith has, I think, achieved a fine point of art. The emotional outlets chosen by her characters are eloquent testimony to the emptiness of life.

In spite of Sheila Kaye-Smith's brilliance in characterization, though, she is not a novelist of character any more than she is a novelist of local color. She is, rather, a novelist with a deep understanding of life and love, with a rich feeling for the land. She knows the grandeur and beauty, the spareness and barrenness of country lives, and the passion of country loves. She senses the drama in the commonplace and knows the significance of the trivial. Her Sussex roots are so deep that she can skip mere qualities of description and show the characters as they respond to Sussex and come alive. Finally, she has the power of presenting all this in prose that is often beautiful and sometimes masterly.

And yet, Sheila Kaye-Smith is rarely more than a competent novelist. She has all gifts in abundance, but greatness is excepted. Her faults are never glaring, though her dramatic instinct at times comes perilously close to melodrama, and she makes extravagant use of coincidence. But the reader often finishes her books with vague feelings of dissatisfaction. She is a fine storyteller, but sometimes there is too little story to tell, or the tale has been told too often. At other times there is too great a waste of emotion. Sheila Kaye-Smith may overcome these faults; indeed, as any lover of "Shepherds in Sackcloth" must admit, she has risen above them on several occasions. She has published one or two really outstanding novels and many good ones; situations for many more lie waiting. Think, for instance, of the possibilities of the Jewish Alard, Peter Alard's daughter; or the story of the infant heir of Gervase Alard in "Gallybird." But these stories belong well in the future. No one can write a great novel every six months.

RADIO AND THE FUTURE

By GUGLIELMO MARCONI

MUCH has recently been written about what is sometimes referred to as "the battle of the wave-lengths"—that is to say, deliberate attempts made by high-powered broadcasting stations in one country to drown the transmission of a foreign rival, usually for propagandist purposes. I have been asked whether any effective means exist for coping with such a problem.

The real solution must surely be to allow the dictates with common sense to prevail, for a moment's reflection should suffice to show that any nation which chooses to indulge in such tactics is only cutting its own throat. For if station A deliberately sets out to swamp station B, it will only be a matter of time before the latter will effectively retaliate. Carried still further, such a "warfare" can obviously only result in a wholesale and hopeless "jamming" over a widespread area, without benefiting in the slightest degree any one of the protagonists.

Somewhat similar attempts were, of course, made in the early stages of the Great War, but their futility soon became apparent, with the result that they were more or less tacitly brought to an end.

But a far more serious etheric battle has been raging for many years, which is all the more disturbing because it is caused by the quite involuntary interference of one station with another. It is mainly due to the increasingly congested state of the ether, which is already overcrowded to an appalling degree. And, as most amateur wireless enthusiasts know to their cost, matters are made worse by the constant outside interference created by weather conditions, like lightning and "atmospherics" generally, as well as by disturbances set up by sparking machinery.

Hence the vital importance, for the future of wireless communications, of the experiments which I have been carrying out during the past two years in connection with those very short wave-lengths which we call micro-waves. At present all wireless services are concentrated between wave-lengths of from 10 to 25,000 meters. But if only we could utilize other wave-lengths ranging from .1 to 10 meters we should be able to get in as many services again, provided these waves were under proper control. An even greater advantage would naturally accrue from the very important fact that the micro-waves are immune from those atmospheric and electrical disturbances which unfortunately operate on the wave-lengths now in general use for broadcasting

purposes. This is probably due to the very high vibration set up by the micro-wave; a 50 centimeter wave-length, for example, has a frequency of 600,000,000 cycles per second as compared with the mere 843,000 attained by, say, the London Regional wave-length of 156 meters.

Very considerable progress has already been made with these micro-wave experiments, and a regular service has now been operating for over a year, between the Vatican and the summer palace of the Pope at Castel Gondolfo—a distance of over 12 miles, comprising hilly and woody country. We have also proved that these waves will carry as far as 180 miles, and this despite the fact that they used to be called "opticals" because it was thought that they would not travel beyond visual range.

There still remains, however, a very great deal to be done before we can claim to have probed the innermost secrets of the micro-waves in such a way as to enable us to make practical use of them on the largest possible scale. At present we do not know what ultimately becomes of them, which means that we cannot predict their behavior with anything like the degree of certainty with which we can predict the behavior of the longer wave-lengths. We know that when these shoot off from the earth's surface they hit what is known as the heaviside layer of the atmosphere enveloping the earth, and thence bounce back again. We can thus gage to a nicety what will be the most suitable wave-length to use on a winter's night for the service between London and New York.

But the position today in regard to the micro-wave is not dissimilar to that which obtained in 1916 with respect to the Marconi Beam System, which now operates on wave-lengths of from 10 to 100 meters. In those early days of experiment we did not quite know what became of the beams in question. The fact that they did not recoil from the heaviside layer seemed to suggest that they might shoot off into space, but subsequent investigations revealed the fact that they bounce again to earth from another atmospheric layer which lies beyond the so-called heaviside. But for the existence of the Beam System of transmission, we should have to make use of very high powered wave-lengths indeed in order to communicate with Australia, which would mean that interference with other services might be a real difficulty.

Broadly speaking, the main purpose of all micro-wave developments will be to relieve pres-

sure on broadcasting wave-lengths by providing an alternative method for point-to-point communication. Once we have effectively "harnessed" them, they may be used to very great advantage in supplementing or replacing cables. In narrow channels subject to heavy weather conditions these cables often get broken, with the result that an island may be cut off from all communication with the mainland. Or again, in a river estuary, cables are always liable to be fouled by the anchors of ships, and no less than twenty miles of cable have often been found necessary to span even the narrowest river bed effectively. A combined service of wireless cables, with arrangements for a "pick-up" on the other side of the channel by suitable terminal equipment, would clearly afford an invaluable alternative for use in such emergencies.

Micro-waves could also be used for short distance communication between ships, whilst, for military purposes, it would be hard to overestimate their importance. Communications from fort to fort, for instance, or from the base to the front line, would be tremendously simplified by their employment, because their sharp directive qualities would make it impossible for an enemy to "tap" them, whilst they could only be broken up under heavy fire by a direct hit. One can foresee the day when the necessity to employ continual wiring squads—the direct cause of so much carnage in the last war—may practically disappear.

There is a further possibility that micro-waves may play an important part in the coming development of television. One great obstacle to its progress is that it seems likely that it would, under present conditions, take up a vast amount more room in the already congested ether, because it has been found that one station operating on a high wave-length suitable for the transmission of really high-class television is likely to put most of its neighbors out of action.

Once we have tamed the micro-waves, it seems probable that they will prove a really first-rate medium for the purpose, owing to the fact that so much more room will be available. But until the "taming" process has been completed, it is impossible to predict with any degree of certainty the exact line that future developments will take.

Seen on Dublin Hillsides

My blessing on the gentle geese,
My blessing, and a lasting peace,
For on a day in fierce July
When not a cloud was in the sky,
Upon a day without a breeze
They looked like snow beneath the trees.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

GRANDMOTHER'S FIRST LOVE

By HELENE MULLINS

I WAS fourteen when the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter. At the President's call for volunteers, my brother Barney and his chum, Mike Gilligan, enlisted in Hawkins's Zouaves. They wore a dark blue uniform trimmed with red braid, a blue cap and a broad red sash. Mike, of course, looked lanky and ungainly in any kind of outfit, but Barney with his dark hair and red cheeks looked wonderful in his new uniform. Mother and I were glad he hadn't joined Wilson's Zouaves, who wore baggy trousers with leggings, and were made up, besides, of a rather rough element.

Every Sunday we visited him at the armory at Castle Garden, bringing him a basket full of good things to eat. Sometimes we met Mrs. Gilligan there, visiting her son. Poor Mrs. Gilligan had always been a hard-working woman, doing all sorts of odd jobs in order to support herself and her child. In vacation time she used to contract to do cleaning for public schools, and would hire two or three women to help her, paying them weekly out of her small bank account as the School Board did not pay until school opened in September. It was hard work. The soiled walls were not painted over as they are today, but had to be washed. Those women earned their money. And now, just when Mike had reached an age to repay his mother for all she had done for him, the war called him away.

Mike used to laugh at the prim manner in which I shook hands with him, and one day when our mothers were out of earshot he pinched my arm and whispered, "I wouldn't want you to fall in love with you, Anna Maria. You'd give a fellow a run for his money."

I laughed and answered, "I'd give you a run anyhow, Mike Gilligan."

Hawkins's Zouaves finally became too numerous to remain in Castle Garden and were transferred to Riker's Island. A visitors' boat ran up the river on Sundays, and mother and I were on it for every trip. As the boat docked we could see the whole regiment lined up, with bayonets over their shoulders. We always brought Barney good things to eat. I was learning to cook, and our basket often contained a pan of rice pudding or an apple pie of my own baking. Just before it was time for the boat to start back to New York, a bell rang. When we were on board we could see the soldiers lined up and waving to us, which made some of us cry.

One Monday I opened our daily *Herald* to read it to mother, and saw that Hawkins's Zouaves were going to leave Riker's Island for Newport News. The paper said they were to march down Fifth Avenue and be reviewed by the mayor; so mother and I dressed hurriedly and went up to the park opposite the Fifth Avenue Hotel at 23rd Street. While we sat there waiting, Mrs. Gilligan joined us, and after a few minutes' conversation with mother, confessed that she was worried about Mike, fearing he might desert—which meant that if he were caught he would be seated upon his own coffin and shot dead.

Mother said, "Well, Mrs. Gilligan, I haven't got that to worry about, for my boy will never desert."

I guess it was two o'clock when we caught sight of the regiment, and went to the curb to wave to my brother, who was carrying the flag, he being the color sergeant.

When Mrs. Gilligan saw him, she cried out, "Oh, Mrs. Farrell, look at Barney! He's got the most dangerous place, because the enemy always fires on the flag."

Mother drew in her breath at that remark, but said nothing.

Some of the soldiers' relatives began to march abreast with them, so we walked with Barney to the North River Pier, where they were to embark. When we reached the dock, the gates were closed on the soldiers, leaving the civilians outside. After a few moments Barney appeared at the fence, and we were able to talk with him.

A big Irish policeman standing near us said to mother, "I'm leaving here very soon, Ma'am; so I'll give you some advice. If the gate opens, just put on a crying face and claim you haven't seen your son in four weeks; then they'll let you inside."

"Indeed," said mother, "I could easily have had a crying face before this, if I hadn't been trying not to."

"Well, put it on then," answered the policeman, "and it will get you inside to give your boy a last hug."

He seemed to have taken quite a fancy to mother, and came back to say goodbye to us when he was going off duty. His advice proved to be good, because after a while the gate opened to let in some soldiers just arrived. Colonel Hawkins stood there, holding his bayonet out crossways against the crowd; and when mother went up to him with the tears rolling down her cheeks, he couldn't resist her, but let us in.

We found Barney with some of his comrades on guard awaiting the return of the rest of the soldiers who had run off, some to bid last goodbyes, others to get a drink. Finally the steamer was floated from the dock, so that no more men could leave it; and then we had to go home.

After the regiment had been gone for two months, Mike Gilligan, while playing football, was hit with the ball and injured. He had to be carried to the hospital, and was then discharged and sent home. So now his mother didn't have to worry about him deserting.

In the beginning, the Union army was recruited from volunteers only, but later on the government began drafting men. The sons of wealthy fathers could hire substitutes if they wished, and many of them did, but the sons of the poor could do nothing except obey the summons. Some of them were rebellious and started riots. There was a good deal of hoodlumism. Colored men were murdered on the streets and even in their homes. A colored orphan asylum was burned down and the frightened children were given refuge in the station-house. Our neighborhood escaped the worst of the riots because we hadn't many colored people living in it. But Mrs. Gilligan, while closing her shutters one day, got a bullet in her arm.

Barney used to come home every few months when his term of enlistment had expired. Then he would join up

again, sometimes with a different regiment. One time he was sent to Elmira to guard Negroes. He had to take a batch of them to Washington, and returned to New York late one Saturday night.

Being awakened by his step on the stairway, mother called out, "Is that you, Barney?"

"Yes, ma, and I've got a friend with me," he answered.

His friend was Tim Murray, whose mother, a well-to-do-widow, lived uptown on a small estate. I met him the next morning at breakfast and thought I'd never set eyes on a handsomer boy. He was tall and clean shaven, with dark blue eyes and a gentle, aristocratic manner. He was eighteen, two years older than myself, and he was my first love. But our romance was doomed to disaster.

I was wearing a lavender alpaca dress that morning, very pretty, with a tight waist and full skirt bordered at the hem by a band of black moire ribbon, and underneath it my first pair of corsets. After we'd been introduced, he complimented me on my dress.

I felt myself blushing, little as I was accustomed to doing such a stupid thing. But how could I help it with him standing there staring at me and making my heart jump up and down as if it were skipping rope?

When breakfast was over, I excused myself and went to help mother in our grocery store, but felt that I got myself out of the room in a very awkward manner. I was furious with myself for behaving like a ninny. I had always flattered myself that I conducted myself very well with young men and that if any confusion were shown, it was they who showed it and not I.

All morning I stayed in the store. Barney went out somewhere and mother stayed upstairs, talking to Tim Murray. All at once I realized that something mysterious was going on. But it wasn't until Barney came back, accompanied by a stout, elderly woman dressed very handsomely in a black shawl and bonnet, that I learned the reason of all the excitement. Barney came to me in the store and, after swearing me to secrecy, told me that Tim Murray had taken "French leave" from his regiment in order to see his mother. As he daren't go to his own home, he had sent my brother uptown to bring his mother down to our house. When I heard this story I became so upset that I could hardly keep my mind on the business, and made several mistakes in weighing and measuring. Twice I had to have my attention called to the short measures I had given.

Mrs. Murray was still upstairs when I went up to have my lunch, and against my will I had to form an unfavorable opinion of her. She kept talking and crying in such a hysterical way that her son didn't know how to manage her.

"Now, ma, you must be sensible," he pleaded. "Other mothers have got sons in the war. Your last letter worried me so much that I had to come home, but if I'm caught, you know what the penalty is."

"I'll hide you," she said, having gotten a death-grip on his arm. "You can't go back now. You'd be court-martialled."

"Now, ma, please be sensible," he pleaded.

"He's right," mother put in. "Other mothers have boys in the war."

I was embarrassed and, after eating a hasty lunch, went back to the store.

At supper time our visitors were still with us. But after supper, Barney made Tim bid his mother goodbye and set out for his regiment. Tim looked relieved to go.

"Don't forget to tell Peter to take care of you till I come back," he said to her, just before leaving. Peter was his younger brother, too young to enlist or be drafted. And to me he said, with his hand on the front door knob, "If I'm alive when the term of my service is ended, Miss Farrell, you'll be seeing me again."

Too excited to know what I was doing, I caught his hand and squeezed it hard before I let it go.

That night the captain of Tim's company was in New York, looking for him. After searching Mrs. Murray's house, he came to ours, but fortunately Tim wasn't to be found. And of course we all swore we hadn't seen him.

What anxious days we had until we received word that he had safely gotten back to camp. He wrote that as he had returned voluntarily he escaped court martial and was only locked up in the guard-house for a few days.

I took our letter and brought it up to show Mrs. Murray, thinking that maybe hers might have gone astray and wishing to relieve her anxiety. What a beautiful home she had: a two-story frame building with a veranda, and a big lawn with trees on it. I'll never forget it. I was hoping she'd make friends with me and invite me to come again and talk with her about Tim, but all I got from her was a cold look and a haughty statement that she had received a letter of her own, thank you.

"Well," said I, backing away from her, "I'm sorry I came. I'll know better next time." And I turned and marched out.

Tim's fourteen-year-old brother, Peter, followed me down the lawn to apologize for his mother's rudeness. He said she'd been upset because Tim had written her a letter singing the praises of Anna Maria Farrell. In other words, she was jealous of me.

"Oh, I'm sure your mother is mistaken," said I, feeling very uncomfortable, but very happy.

"No," said Peter, "she isn't. I saw the letter myself."

He was a short, freckle-faced boy, as unlike his brother as he could be, but he had a merry look in his eyes and I liked him.

"Well," I said, "all I can say is, you both must be mistaken," and flew out the gate before he could thrust the letter in my face, as I was afraid he might be thinking of doing.

That spring Barney came home to us with lung fever which he'd caught in the South. Old Dr. Brady attended him and visited him every day. On July 4 his regiment was going to parade, and Barney wanted to march with it. When he got out of bed in the morning he had a hemorrhage. But when the attack had passed he insisted on going out and joining his comrades.

In the afternoon our church held its annual picnic in Jones's Wood at East 63rd Street, and Barney came to that with us too. We couldn't stop him. The church ran a boat from Peck Slip up the East River to the woods, and a great crowd of us were on it. As soon as we were aboard Barney told me he had a surprise for me. The surprise turned out to be Tim Murray, home on a short leave of absence.

"Well!" said he.

"Well!" said I.

And then we both stood tongue-tied. We managed to thaw out a little, however, during the ride, and by the time we reached the woods we were great friends.

"Come on," said Barney, "we're going to ride on the merry-go-round."

And seizing hold of a girl named Sarah Hoffman, he ran ahead, leaving Tim and me to follow. The four of us went on everything, the merry-go-round, the swings and the dancing platforms. There were two platforms, one for square dances (the minuet, quadrille and Virginia reel) and the other for round dances (the waltz, polka and schottische). I didn't care for the square dances, so Tim and I danced a lot of the round dances together. He was a beautiful waltzer, and looked so handsome and was so attentive that I thought myself the luckiest girl there.

When the girls were unpacking the lunch baskets, my chum, Emily, said to me, "Do you think you're grown up enough to have a beau, Anna Maria Farrell?"

"I'm going on seventeen!" I retorted, and could have bitten my tongue out afterward for having given that kind of an answer, instead of denying that I ever thought of beaux. For Emily went off into a peal of laughter and threatened to warn my mother that I was getting ready to leave her. I was furious with her, especially as I saw Tim looking at us, his dark blue eyes twinkling with amusement, and was afraid he'd overheard our talk.

All but a few of the people were from St. Mary's parish and we were all well acquainted with one another, so everyone spent a pleasant day. No rowdiness or fighting at that picnic. Barney was the life of the party, as he usually was at any gathering. He danced with each and every girl in turn, and after we had emptied our lunch baskets, he stood up and made a splendid war speech, eulogizing Abe Lincoln.

Everyone applauded, and Sarah Hoffman was so impressed by him that she whispered to me, "Anna Maria, I'm going to be friends with you because you have such a nice brother."

Sarah was a pretty girl with yellow hair dressed rather elaborately in curls and twists. She had moved into the 13th Ward shortly before the war, and her father was killed during his second term of enlistment.

When it was time to go home, Barney drew Tim aside and said to him, "If you will do me the favor of looking after my little sister, I will be free to escort Miss Hoffman home. What do you say?"

"Well," said Tim, winking at me, "if you coaxed me very hard, I might consent."

So it was due to Barney that Tim escorted me home. I don't remember our conversation on the way. I suppose it would seem trivial if I were to relate it now, but how important and thrilling it was to me then!

That was the beginning of Barney's and Sarah's courtship, and during the next few months, whenever he and Tim were in New York, they would take Sarah and me on a picnic or to one of the neighbor's houses for singing and dancing. I loved dancing. There were a few dance halls downtown, but nice girls and boys didn't go to them. We did our dancing in one another's houses, and in summer time in the back yard.

All this time Tim's mother was very bitter about her son spending so much of his time with a girl instead of with her. One day she came to our house and told my mother that it was a shame for a girl to come between a boy and his mother as I was doing.

Mother replied very calmly, "Mrs. Murray, I have a son in the war, the same as you have, and I don't mind how many girls he goes to see, as long as he doesn't forget to come and see me."

Tim and I tried not to pay any attention to his mother's jealousy; but time after time she went into hysterics, arguing with him about me, and finally he promised he wouldn't become engaged without her consent. The more patient he was with her, however, the worse she grew. The summer before the war ended was the worst of all. Tim was in New York for a week with his regiment and during the whole time he only managed to make two short visits to my house. His mother was ill in bed and demanded his constant attendance. The day before his regiment was to be mustered out, we walked around Tompkins Park on Avenue B. It was a pretty park, with trees and benches and a fountain, although during the war the soldiers had pitched tents there and done much to spoil it. The sight of its present disorder aggravated my depression, I suppose.

"If only she'd die!" I thought bitterly.

Tim must have guessed what I was thinking, because he said sternly, without looking at me, "After all, she's my mother, Anna Maria. And just now she's ill."

"I don't believe she's ill," I burst out. "She's only pretending, so as to keep you to herself."

Tim's face turned red. "I don't think you ought to talk that way about my mother, Anna Maria. She is ill. The doctor said so."

"She's no more ill than I am," I retorted, knowing I was making him angry, but unable to control myself.

"That's enough, Anna Maria," he said sharply.

"Is it?" said I. "Very well. If it's enough for you, then it's enough for me, too." And tossing my parasol over my shoulder, I walked away from him without a backward look.

I never saw him again.

The day after our quarrel he left New York with his regiment, without even coming to say goodbye, and a week later he was wounded in battle. The rebels were carrying him off, a prisoner, but he died on the way, so

they left his body on the ground and his comrades recovered it. Four of them brought it home, having first had it embalmed in Washington.

I remembered that one time when he was starting off for the front, I'd said to him, "I'll pray for you every day, Tim, that you won't be killed."

But he had answered, "Don't pray for that, Anna Maria. Pray instead that I won't be sent home a cripple."

So I did as he had asked, and he certainly got his wish, for he'd never come home a cripple now.

Not caring whether I was welcome or not, I went up to his mother's beautiful home to have a last look at him. I can still see him laid out in his casket, his lovely young face spotted with gunpowder and his breast showing the black imprint of a bullet through the thin material of his white shirt. The house was full of people, all of them strangers to me except his mother and brother.

While I stood beside his casket, trying to think of a prayer and not being able to remember any, his mother came up to me and, with her eyes full of tears, said, "Oh, Anna Maria, I wouldn't begrudge him to you today."

I looked up at her, and with my heart like a cake of ice inside of me, said in the hardest voice I had ever yet used to any human being, "Thank you, Mrs. Murray, but what would I want with a dead man?"

Then I turned on my heel and walked out of her house.

Hermit Mood

Let the leaf loosen
And the cloud fly,
Let the dark hasten
And the wind cry,

Hermit heart never
Would name it distress
That it should ever
Know loneliness.

Though the North glitter
And the earth freeze,
Who loves the bitter
Will welcome these,

Scorn superfluity,
Savor the narrow,
Drawing tenuity
Into the marrow.

Verity now cries:
Purge you the flesh;
Clear it of what implies
Power to enmesh;

Taking the hermit way,
Barring the need
Of body that spirit may
Quicken and feed.

LYDIA B. LITTELL.

Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—Beginning on the feast of Saint Peter's Chair at Rome, January 18, and extending to January 25, the feast of the Conversion of Saint Paul, an Octave of Prayer for the Unity of Christians will be held at the Church of St. Agnes in New York and at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington. An octave of prayer for the reunion of Christendom has been sponsored annually since 1908 by the Society of the Atonement at Graymoor, Garrison, New York, and it is planned next year to extend the observance of the octave to other cities. * * * After meeting in full convention at the Clergy House attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, the Catholic hierarchy of Australia announced plans for a comprehensive program of Catholic Action similar in many respects to that of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in this country. * * * The two hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore and father of the American hierarchy, was recently commemorated at the Baltimore Cathedral and at Georgetown University. * * * Statistics released by the Apostolic Delegation of Leopoldville show that in the Belgian Congo and the Belgian mandates of Ruanda and Urundi there were 121,109 adult conversions between June, 1933, and June, 1934. The Catholic population is now 1,232,018 and in addition more than 1,000,000 natives are preparing for baptism. * * * This Christmas in County Tipperary, Ireland, many people had Mass celebrated in their own homes. This is a privilege that has been granted to them for many years and the demand for priests is so great that arrangements have to be made as far as a year ahead. * * * His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell has decided that the Catholic Truth Guild of Boston shall be known henceforth as the Catholic Campaigners for Christ. David Goldstein, director of a nation-wide series of lay street missions, has asked that the name be adopted throughout the country.

The Nation.—Since the establishment of the Securities and Exchange Commission and the elimination of some of the more flagrant "put-and-take" games in the stock market whereby insiders by manipulation of short swings pumped a steady flow of funds to themselves from the gullible outsiders all over the country until they so impoverished the country that the credit system was almost wrecked and credit instruments little more than bales of paper clogging all human enterprise and debt a disenfranchisement of the greater part of the people of the nation from any real (in the material sense of the term) interest in their country, the market has returned more nearly to its original and useful function. There was therefore practical significance in its action after the meeting of Congress and the reading of the President's opening and budget messages. The stock market was steady and even continued a modest rising trend; the government bond market, most likely to have been depressed by the

news of the size of the anticipated government deficit and the indefinite postponement of balancing the budget, surprisingly was buoyant; and foreign exchange, which is also sensitive to budget deficits, was amazingly unaffected. Prevailing opinion seems to be that fundamental business conditions are steadily improving and will continue to improve unless Congress unexpectedly goes berserk. * * * General Motors sales of cars to consumers in the United States last year increased 22.7 percent and in December last numbered 41,530 cars compared with 11,951 in December, 1933. Their total sales in the United States, Canada and overseas increased 42.7 percent last year. * * * A bill to amend the criminal code on the prohibition of disseminating birth control information and devices was introduced by Representative Walter M. Pierce of Oregon on the first day the new Congress met. This is the identical bill, introduced by the same congressman, which was vigorously fought in the preceding Congress. * * * Majority leaders in Congress expressed the belief that the first major measure that will be proposed to Congress would embody a social security program. They forecast a single bill of three parts dealing with unemployment insurance, old-age pensions and health insurance.

The Wide World.—Pierre Laval and Benito Mussolini represented their countries at a series of highly important parleys which will, it is hoped, have settled issues under debate for years. Rome announced that, after a general declaration of friendship had been made, the negotiations would aim at accomplishing two things: first, the signing of a non-aggression pact, calculated to remove the danger of friction between Italy and the Little Entente; second, an agreement guaranteeing the political independence of Austria. It was said that the agreements had been signed, though nothing concerning the contents was divulged. Naval problems were apparently not up for discussion. * * * On January 3, Hitler astonished Germany by summoning all Nazi leaders, federal and state, to Berlin for a secret parley. What was said remained veiled under a mantle of official secrecy, but the papers were ordered to announce that the solidarity of Germany had once more been demonstrated, foreign papers to the contrary notwithstanding. Rumors that Hitler's assassination had been attempted continued to appear in various sections of the European press. * * * The little kingdom of Ethiopia dispatched messages to the League of Nations alleging that Italian troops had invaded its territory, and were holding towns situated in a district where oil has recently been found. Rome countered by saying that the said towns were well within the Italian territory of Somaliland. It was reported that a newly published Italian atlas belies the government's assertion, and that all available copies of the said atlas have been confiscated. * * * No major disturbance oc-

curred in the Saar Basin over the week-end, despite the fact that several large meetings were held. It was thought probable for a time that the plebiscite might be postponed, in view of the likelihood that a quiet and peaceful election day could not be guaranteed. * * * Alleging that the government had been napping and that Trotzkyites had gained many adherents to their leader's cause in Russian educational and other institutions, the Soviet police continued to arrest large numbers of suspicious persons. The greatest suppression campaign in Bolshevik history was undoubtedly under way. * * * Prague announced that in view of the prevailing shortage of jobs political immigrants could no longer be permitted to find employment. This ruling, though necessary, will make life very hard for a vast number of political refugees.

* * * *

The President's Budget Message.—The President's annual budget message to Congress asked for a total of \$8,520,413,609 to carry on the government in the fiscal year beginning July 1 next. Of this amount, \$4,000,000,000 would be spent in work relief. According to his earlier message to Congress, the general scope of this work program would include slum clearance, rural housing, rural electrifications, reforestation and elimination of grade crossings. A large cut in benefit payments to farmers for crop control was indicated by a cut in the amount earmarked for the Department of Agriculture to \$653,278,170 from the current appropriation of \$1,164,680,000. Expenditures for national defense will be increased from \$612,785,756 to \$792,484,265. The increase of approximately \$180,000,000 the President ascribed principally to the need of making up in the building of warships for the delay by the United States in filling the quotas of the naval treaties of 1922 and 1930 and to provide improved equipment for the army. The net estimate outlays for emergency purposes are about \$600,000,000 less than the current outlays and the anticipated deficit is about \$350,000,000 less. The deficit for the next fiscal year is estimated at \$4,528,000,000, which will bring the national debt to a new record total of \$34,239,000,000. The President's previously expressed anticipation of balancing the budget next year cannot be realized, he explained, because unemployment is still so extensive. He did not commit himself on balancing the budget at a future date. However, unless bonus advocates wreck the plan, no taxes additional to those in force will be necessary.

England's New Dole.—Just as the President and the leaders of private industry stood at swords' points on the question of work relief versus direct relief, the government of England, which is dominated by the Conservatives, announced that on March 1 the British government would take over from the local authorities the administration of direct relief to 4,000,000 unemployed persons. England has now assumed permanently the full care and maintenance of every able-bodied wage earner whose regular wages are less than \$25 a week. It is estimated that by this measure 34,000,000 out of a population of 45,000,000 now have their subsistence guaranteed by the

government. When one of these wage earners is out of a job, he receives relief in cash as a matter of right to which no stigma is attached, provided he has made sincere efforts to find work. To be eligible for this assistance, which extends over an indefinite period, workers must also be between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five. At present 13,000,000 of the 17,000,000 wage earners benefit from unemployment insurance, but when the period of insurance payments runs out, they may now turn to the local office of the Unemployment Assistance Board and draw each week a sum of money based on a definite scale approved by Parliament. Under present conditions the additional cost of this huge scheme to the national government will be around \$40,000,000, since the greater part of the money will come from funds now handled by the local authorities. The official scale is 24 shillings a week for a man and his wife. To this \$6 there is added \$.75 for each child under three years of age, \$.87 for each child between three and eight, \$1 for those between eight and eleven, \$1.12 for those between eleven and fourteen and \$1.50 for those between fourteen and eighteen. This scale has been severely criticized as inadequate by a committee of the British Medical Association and violently attacked by the Labor party.

As the Plebiscite Draws Near.—A special Foreign Policy Report on "The Future of the Saar," written by John C. De Wilde, carefully summarized the attitude of Catholics in the region, in so far as this has found expression. "The Catholic opposition," he says, "took form only gradually. The Center party has never retracted the declaration of loyalty made to Germany when it joined the German Front. Its former organ, the *Landeszeitung*, has frequently criticized the church policy of the Reich, but has not become frankly antagonistic. It was not until May, 1934, that a group of Catholics headed by Herr Hoffmann, once editor of the *Landeszeitung*, founded a daily newspaper, the *Neue Saar-Post*, openly hostile to Hitlerism and advocating retention of the League régime. How numerous the advocates of this group have become, only the plebiscite will show. A large number of Catholics have apparently been unwilling to carry their disapproval of Nazi religious policy so far as to oppose return to the fatherland. (Although the Catholic youth organizations at their meeting last July conspicuously ignored Hitler, they nevertheless telegraphed President von Hindenburg an assurance of their "unwavering fidelity.") Moreover, the champions of the status quo have been weakened by the Vatican's refusal to intervene. While the Holy See has watched the situation closely through a special legate resident in the Saar, it has remained neutral, apparently in the hope of thereby obtaining a more favorable policy toward the Church.

Mexican Catholics.—Catholic worshipers at the parish church of Coyoacan, near Mexico City, came out after Mass to find that a blasphemous demonstration was being staged at the entrance by a group said to belong to the Red Shirts, organized by Garrido Canabal, Secretary of Agriculture. Five Catholics were killed in the fray which

followed, and one government employee was slain. The indignation which the event aroused throughout the region was reflected in newspaper comment critical of the Red Shirts, as well as in action by the police, who made a large number of arrests. Among the United States journals which devoted editorials to the incident were the *Boston Transcript* and the *Washington Post*. According to the *New York Times*, Archbishop Leopoldo Ruiz y Flores, Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, denied that parents or teachers who sent children to the socialistic schools or taught there had been threatened with excommunication. "I have not been authorized to excommunicate anyone," declared the Archbishop, adding that the faithful had been counseled to remember that Church law forbids sending children to materialistic schools. As protests against the activity of the Mexican government continued to pour in from various countries, considerable restlessness was manifested. Dispatches indicated that there had been trouble in Chihuahua. From San Bernardino, California, came the report that Hermalao E. Torres, Mexican consul, had attempted to get city authorities to prohibit the celebration of the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe. As we go to press, news reports are coming in of the shooting of five students in Mexico City by Red Shirts, the shooting of peasants and soldiers in an outbreak on the boundary of the states of Durango and Sinaloa, and the killing of five persons and wounding of four in a fight between federal troops and alleged plotters at La Piedad, Michoacan.

A National Republican Program.—Representative Snell of New York, Republican leader in the new Congress, in a radio broadcast to the nation outlined a twenty-point program on which he said his party would concentrate. He recalled that although the Republican representatives were so few in number, the combined vote which they received in the November elections was 46 percent of the total. His program called for a restoration of the tripartite system of our government, legislative, executive and judicial; the abatement of government by executive order; the balancing of the budget; a sound money policy; permanent insurance of bank deposits; a protective tariff; abolition of child labor and the sweatshop system of contract labor; strengthening of the anti-trust laws; keeping the government out of competition with private enterprise; liberal loans to private business as an unemployment relief measure; a liberal policy toward veterans of all wars; taking the profits out of war; the universal draft in time of war; job and old-age insurance as a state, rather than a federal, function; the restoration of agricultural buying power; and free speech. Senator Robinson, Democratic leader, pointed out where the program indorsed measures already taken by the New Deal and supported by the few Republicans remaining in Congress and said that otherwise it indicated "a spirit of opposition without making clear the basis for opposition."

A Corner To Be Turned.—The Commission of Inquiry on Public Service Personnel issued its first report January 7. In 1932 there were 3,278,500 public em-

ployees; their compensation was \$4,520,954,000, and they actually governed the country and ran the government enterprises and disbursed the government funds, under, of course, the elected legislators and executives. The old civil service war cry, "security of tenure," is evidently not the present cure-all. The focal point of this report is rather the individual public servant's life, from beginning to end. He is recruited from school (education is linked with a person's future life and the public welfare), via a competitive, not qualifying, examination (testing his capabilities for a progressive career; not a static pigeon hole), into one of five "services": administrative, technical, clerical, skilled trades, or unskilled. After he gets in, a personnel agency which is part of management keeps stimulating him to study and improvement and can point out roads of advancement in his original service, or, if he becomes qualified, transfers to a better service, either of which can lead to positions now reserved for the most intensely devoted party enthusiasts. He can also be thrown out or demoted if he is no good. The Commission indicates that the danger of bureaucracy would decrease if the administration became a really efficient means of transferring the electorate's will into actuality and if the democratic controls of budget and audit and legislative command were perfected. The most attractive element of the report is the practical hint of a method for giving at least the public employees a chance to place themselves in a career in which their schooling and study and interest would have gratifying objective results, and in which they would have encouragement to fulfil their lives.

The Laymen's Retreat Movement.—The fifth national conference of the Laymen's Retreat Movement, which issued the statistics printed in these columns last week, took up in its meetings a series of problems concerning the organization and extension not only of retreats for the laity, but also, directly and by analogy, of Catholic Action in general. The 250 delegates, including laymen active in the movement, four bishops, and representatives of twenty-eight religious orders, recognize the movement as "the very soul of Catholic Action . . . in the sense that it is its living principle, hence its motive power; and moreover in the sense that it is its form, hence that which specifies it, gives it shape, keeps it integral, directs it, holds it channeled." Father Valerius, O. F. M., started the discussion by advocating "a national clearing-house, a national publication, a national broadcast" for the retreatants. He proposed that some association be organized in connection with every retreat center to bind together all who have made a retreat at that place, and that these associations be divided into regional or parochial groups which would have monthly meetings and be linked together under the league at large to hold a regular Day of Recollection to "be observed at the retreat house after the manner of the retreat." Various delegates discussed methods of spreading the movement, particularly in rural sections, and means of publicity, the exchange of information between retreat houses, the proposal for a national publication, and the financial prob-

lems of local and national leagues. St. Joseph's-in-the-Hills at Malvern, Pennsylvania, run exclusively by laymen, showed the record for the greatest number of men on retreat in 1934: 3,750.

The Position of Catholic Historians.—During the Christmas period the American Catholic Historical Association held its fifteenth annual meeting in Washington. The Most Reverend Amleto Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, described the purposes of the association as: "First, the recognition that in English-speaking lands a great field of misunderstanding and consequent controversy between Catholics and non-Catholics has been in the field of history. Second, the desire to have one central organization for the historical activities of all Catholics, cleric and lay, in the United States. Third, the increase of knowledge in the historical past of the Church both among Catholics and non-Catholics. Fourth, the mutual help and encouragement Catholic and non-Catholic scholars would receive from these annual gatherings." He then quoted the encyclical of Leo XIII: "No effort should be spared to refute inventions and falsehoods; and writers must always bear in mind this rule—the first law of history is, not to dare utter falsehood; the second, not to fear to speak the truth. Moreover, no room must be left for suspicion of partiality or prejudice." In the presidential address Michael Williams said: "Religion is not the opium of the people, as Marx taught, but [rather] utopianism [is]. This is the poison which, it seems to me, is circulating in the very blood of mankind today, and which makes its crisis of thought a real delirium: a sort of madness, the only possible cure for which is sane reason, and the constructive thought which flows from truth—illuminated human reason."

Good for the Soul.—Designed to promote religious reading in a practical way, the Spiritual Book Associates can now look back upon months of modest but substantial progress. On November 21, Cardinal Pacelli wrote, using the good offices of the Apostolic Delegate, that Pope Pius XI had conferred his blessing upon the venture. Numerous other letters of commendation were received from prelates and priests. For the sum of \$15 annually, the reader can acquire ten selected volumes the proper use of which will be a means of strengthening and deepening his spiritual life. The first four selections were: "The Bible for Every Day," by Archbishop Goodier, S. J.; "White Wampum," by Frances T. Patterson; "A Bed-side Book of Saints," by the Reverend Aloysius Roche; and "The Franciscan Message to the World," by Father Agostino Gemelli, O. F. M. Those interested may note the address: 415 Lexington Avenue, New York. Originally founded because the Catholic Book Club was unable to select many purely religious books, the Associates have gone about their work with intrepidity and zeal. One of their services is a monthly *Survey of Current Catholic Literature* which deals with periodicals as well as books. This is characterized on the whole by a note of eager and refreshing youthfulness.

* * * *

Unconstitutional.—New Deal legislation has on several occasions been pronounced unconstitutional by district courts, but it received its first real setback when by a vote of 8 to 1 the United States Supreme Court declared that the oil production control provisions of the National Recovery Act were invalid. The court held that Congress in authorizing the President to bar interstate transportation of oil produced in excess of state quotas, without supplementing this authorization with proper rules to guide the Chief Executive, had delegated undue power to the President. The administration immediately turned to other methods of controlling oil production. Secretary Harold L. Ickes proposed that the oil-producing industry be classed as a public utility and thus be brought under the complete control of the federal government. Senator Connally of Texas announced that on January 10 he would introduce in the Senate a resolution that would provide for a flat prohibition of interstate shipment of oil produced or withdrawn from storage in excess of state quotas. Far more important in the eyes of the administration are the four cases now before the Supreme Court attacking the government's action which abrogated the gold clause in more than \$100,000,000,000 of government and private corporation contracts. The government was defended by Attorney General Homer S. Cummings, who declared that the cases were of "almost unprecedented importance." If the government should lose, holders of gold clause securities might be entitled to \$169,000,000,000 in principal and interest. It is said that the administration's devaluation of the dollar might also be called into question.

The Consumer versus Restraints of Trade.—One of the frequent criticism of NRA has been that it did not give adequate representation in the self-government of business to labor and to consumers. A few days after the opening of Congress, the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA made public a statement that the original purpose of the National Industrial Act has been lost sight of in its administration. It declared that "special interests" had written into the codes measures which eliminated competition and added to the consumers' burden. Talk of overproduction in the present state of the country was called "fantastic." The statement said in part: "Some groups have employed the codes, frequently in violation of the purpose of the act and even in defiance of plain terms, as a means of eliminating active price competition, increasing and protecting profit margin. Prohibitions against sales below 'cost' with industry itself determining 'cost,' basing price systems, minimum mark-ups, maximum trade-insurance, resale price maintenance, limitations on discounts and guarantees, minimum prices—such restrictive code provisions have little to do with establishment of basic standards for labor, quality standards for the consumer or simple honesty for the trade. In so far as they boost prices, they operate to reduce output and impair living standards." The statement added that most of the needed reforms in the codes could be carried through by changes in administration without congressional legislation.

The Play

By GRENVILLE VERNON

Birthday

"**B**IRTHDAY" is one of the truest, gentlest, most quietly poignant plays of the season. It deals with a family of, what is still denominated in England and even in some portions of the United States, gentle-folk. There is in it nothing vulgar either in speech or thought; there is no illicit love, no divorce, and not even any hinting of it, and if the shadow of Old Man Freud passes across the scene, it is only his shadow, which does not obscure the reality of things. Moreover, it is beautifully written, by Aimée and Philip Stuart, and sensitively acted. If any play deserves to succeed it does, though there are already rumors that it is to be taken off, and while not a Catholic play it should be supported by Catholics, not because they are Catholics but because they wish to prove that a White List means something not merely negative.

The action takes place in Jennifer Lawrence's flat in London. Jennifer is a widow, and, though her early married life had been happy, her husband later had neglected her. This, however, is unknown to her two children, and particularly to her eldest daughter, Irene, who has formed a heroic picture of her dead father, and who wishes to take his place as the protector of her mother. The Lawrences are in straitened circumstances, and Jennifer works to support them. During her holiday in Paris she meets a successful and fairly young barrister, Sir John Corbett, who falls in love with her and asks her to marry him. She agrees, but Irene is so upset at the thought that any man could ever take her father's place that she almost attempts suicide. The old family doctor then tells Jennifer that she must tell Irene the truth about her father. This Jennifer does and, aided by the very common-sense remarks of her twelve-year-old daughter, Baba, Irene is brought to a realization of her own selfishness and is reconciled to her mother's marriage.

The mere outline of the story, however, gives no idea of the charm of the play, a charm which is implicit in the characters and the dialogue. Each figure is a real person and, wonder of wonders in a play of this generation, a likable one! Of course in a modern play there must be somewhere a touch of neurasthenia, and this is brought out in Irene; but it is an adolescent neurasthenia, and it is curable, not by Old Man Freud, though he may take credit for it, but by the common sense of an old family doctor and of a twelve-year-old child.

Of course a play of this type must be beautifully and humanly acted, and there is not a player who fails. Peggy Wood plays Jennifer with rare womanliness, and both in her love scenes with Corbett and in her scenes of maternal affection with her daughters, she shows the advance she has made in recent years. Miss Wood has that rare virtue of being rather than doing; of making the mere fact of her presence on the stage vital and informed with meaning. Of course this always is partly the result of personality, but in Miss Wood's case it is more than that.

Miss Wood is today an artist of a high order, for, beside her charm of manner and voice, she shows in her acting intelligence and variety. As Irene, Antoinette Cellier gives a performance of unusual sensitiveness and power. She makes her mental and emotional tortures understandable without ever overdoing it. As her twelve-year-old sister, Baba, twelve-year-old Jeanne Dante gives an impersonation of unbelievable verity for an actress of her age. It has all the assurance and intelligence of a mature woman without ever being anything but the healthy, rather selfish youngster that the part depicts. Louis Calhern as Sir John is manly, sensitive in feeling, and distinguished in manner and appearance; while Hilda Spong as Jennifer's mother, Florence Edney as the old family servant, and Lionel Pape as Dr. Sloane are equally good in their contributions. A perfect cast in an admirable play. (At the Forty-ninth Street Theatre.)

Thumbs Up

IT HAS been said that the only truly original contribution America has yet made to the theatre is the Broadway review, and there is justification for this position. Yet a visit to Eddie Dowling's "Thumbs Up" raised the question in one man's mind at least whether the review in its present form is failing to live up to its possibilities. "Thumbs Up" possesses glitter, pretty girls, fine dancers, admirable comedians and, wonder of wonders, it is clean. In Sheila Barrett it has a comedian of original quality; in Paul Draper, a dancer who possesses not only legs but distinction and imagination; in Ray Dooley, a true female clown; in Bobbie Clark, another most amusing performer; in Eddie Garr, a mimic of talent. Moreover, John Murray Anderson's production has pace, the costumes are charming, the scenery on the whole effective. And yet somehow I came away as if with the feeling that I had been far from filled. The reason seems to me to have lain with the book, or rather with the quality of the individual sketches. Only one of these—the burlesque of a murder trial with everyone, including the judge, broadcasting his remarks—showed any bite or imagination.

The real merit of the review is not in scenery or costumes or singing or dancing, but in the quality of the sketches, topical or otherwise. It is here that "Thumbs Up" fails to satisfy, just as it is where most recent reviews have been equally deficient. The review properly handled has already shown itself to be not only splendid entertainment but a vehicle which contains more than that. But it is necessary to obtain the services of librettists who know how to write pungently and lyric writers who can turn out better things than doggerel. We have these writers just as we have the artists who can act and sing what they can produce, but unfortunately John Murray Anderson seems more interested in mass effects, many of them meretricious, than in the quality of the sketches or the songs. And a better type of music than is shown in "Thumbs Up" is also devoutly to be wished. External glitter and pretty girls may have been appropriate in pre-depression days, but today something more is wanted. (At the St. James Theatre.)

Communications

READING TURNS BEGGAR

Wilmington, Del.

TO the Editor: If one of the functions of a Catholic periodical is the dissemination of knowledge dealing with Catholic expansion, the items cursorily assembled here should be of interest to Calvert Associates.

We have not arrived at the point where reading, with us, can be called a fine art, but among the significant evidences of a Catholic emergence the urge to read is most notable. Nor is this a generalization on a few isolated instances; neither can it be said that all that feeds the hungry mind, despite the tabloids, picture books for grown-ups, and the comics, is rubbish. To explain. There comes to mind the purposeful movement of the Brooklyn Catholic Action Council initiated for the investigation of the claims that Catholic books are not adequately represented on the shelves of the Brooklyn Public Library. The same can be said of hundreds of other public libraries. (Don't blame the librarians, a fine defense of whom was made in these columns not long ago, by no less a person than our erudite Dr. James J. Walsh.) The fact that the men who participated in this survey were alumni of various colleges and universities attest their intellectual equipment for this literary investigation. Such honorable propaganda should be of mutual benefit, not only to the Catholic taxpayers of Brooklyn, but to the harassed librarians whose first-hand knowledge of facts supports the devastating reality that Catholics do not read—even their own books.

Granting their willingness and ability to read, it is devoutly hoped that enforced idleness, a shorter working week, and greater leisure may lure our Catholic people into a pleasant exploration of our democratic public libraries, extending their highly efficient service to every American city. The same cannot be said of any other country in the world. Briefly, what came of the Brooklyn library survey? The council, reporting on 2,064 books in the religion class (200 to 289 D. C. Classification) presented evidence to show that Catholic works have been borrowed on an average of 1.93 times more often than Protestant books during a three and one-half year period in the twelve branch libraries surveyed. Issue was also taken with the libraries' policy of not providing Catholic magazines, the *Sign*, *America* and *THE COMMONWEAL* having been donated subscriptions to twenty branch libraries. What are the rest of us going to do about it in our respective localities?

Shifting the scenes to a neighboring state, another group of Catholic laymen, armed with the Imprimatur of scores of ordinaries, and known as the Catholic Information Society of Narberth, Pennsylvania, is silently breaking down non-Catholic prejudice by distributing a dignified form of leaflet on every Catholic doctrine. Accepting the figures from a report of the secretary, 41,226 persons were received into the Church in 1933; an average of 3,435 a month, 783 a week, 113 a day! "Give us the same arithmetic for those who fell away,"

I hear some one retort. Does that detract from the leadership represented by the Narberth group?

Then, there is the annual increase in autobiographical writing, flowing from the pens of men from every walk of life—"Why Rome?," "The Long Road Home," "Now I See"—and describing the process by which they literally read themselves into the Church.

From an obscure corner of Minnesota, has come the welcome news that a Benedictine nun, in collaboration with forty young scholastics, over a period of two years, has instituted a research in the field of Catholic magazines for the purpose of correlating Catholic periodical literature with the regular curriculum. What a boon to our long-suffering Catholic editors! I think I am safe in guessing that not more than one out of the fifty-two magazines indexed in the C.P.I. has a circulation of 50,000 and each should have at least 10,000, averaging only one subscription to a school. And the home! Stretching farther west, we find the Rocky Mountain Literature Congress, recently held at Denver, pushing the idea of reading for culture before the Catholic public.

Through the Sodality-Literary Academy, sponsored by our master of leadership, Reverend Daniel A. Lord, S.J., the darkly mysterious apathy for reading is slowly vanishing. The multiplicity of study clubs, book conferences, lecture guilds, circulating libraries, library conventions and institutes are bringing the dreams of yesterday to a reality today. Neutrality is no longer feasible when our Catholic Poetry Society, Catholic Book Club, Cardinal Hayes's Survey, Sheed and Ward publishing house, are making critical appeals to the refinements of literature susceptible of cultivation. Taking cognizance of these resources, the pioneers of the Catholic Evidence Guild, only a year ago, unanimously adopted a resolution approving the establishment of like groups under the authority of the ordinaries of each diocese. Exit the closed Catholic corporation. "One may ask for Our life," declares Pius XI, "but not for Our silence." And this program of speech is being accepted with universal approval. We are trying to make up for the time wasted during which outsiders have been busy writing the story of America in their own exclusive idiom.

But before we can boast of a body of Catholic writers, we must count our readers, not by hundreds, but by millions. Here is a frank challenge to our schools and colleges to give spice to the Catholic viewpoint, by abandoning the outmoded method of confining the program of reading to a single textbook. No amount of mental brilliance can compensate for the loss sustained by students who are required to do no more than barter with notebooks and work at problems they rarely solve.

It seems pertinent at this point to draw attention to the place of the library as a contributing influence in our educational scheme. Consider the paradox of a Catholic priest's appointment as supervisor of libraries in a Southern state notoriously hostile to Catholics. If there is any such official acting in like capacity in any Catholic diocese we should be glad to know about it. In the matter of training for librarianship, unmistakable progress is being made. The number of priests and Sisters attend-

ing secular graduate library schools is impressive. It is extremely important that each community in the United States have a sufficient number of qualified persons professionally prepared to administer the library in its different schools. Hence, the necessity of at least one Catholic Graduate Library School. Recognizing its purpose to reduce the attendance at secular schools to a minimum, the Catholic University of America has organized such a school. The distinguished rector, Most Reverend James H. Ryan, has directed the dean of the graduate school to hasten the accreditation of the school by the A.L.A., and those who have observed the efficient administration of Dr. Roy Joseph Deferrari are confident that the rector's desire will be carried out with characteristic despatch.

Pending recognition by the A.L.A. standardizing agency, over fifteen different religious orders from nineteen states have given their moral support to the Catholic University by registering students for the department of library science. To date, six students have fulfilled the requirements for a graduate certificate carrying the same academic value as a B.S. in L.S. Gradually the summer course will be extended throughout the year.

MOTHER M. AGATHA, O.S.U.

RELIGION IN EDUCATION

Altoona, Pa.

TO the Editor: May I tell you that your editorial based on the report of the president of Columbia University was most timely, arresting attention, all to the good, as the saying is? Will our educators, leaders in public life—our statesmen, if we have any, our politicians, of whom we have more than enough—above all, the press, the secular press, heed it? The enemy, the paganism that has gotten control of our public system of education, is at our very doors. So Dr. Butler, one of the strongest and most courageous of Americans, has warned us.

Be it noted: if a Catholic priest, bishop or able writer (like the editor of THE COMMONWEAL) were to write or say what this eminent man, a specialist in this field of education, openly declares—what would happen? We all know: said Catholic man, priest, bishop or layman, would be looked upon as a "public enemy," ranked with our "heroes" of gangdom, thrown on the motion picture screen for the instruction of American youth.

It has not escaped the editor's notice that another great educator, the Holy Father, Pius XI, in his Christmas address to the cardinals and to the whole world, has strongly emphasized this same subject of paganism. "The currents of paganism are running strong," declares the great teacher of Christendom, "in the moral, social, civil and political world of today"—aside from Russia, an evident reference to Germany and Mexico, not to mention other lands.

As you see, the men of vision, like Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler in New York and the great White Shepherd who guards the Christian fold, are in thorough agreement—the most dangerous of all enemies, paganism, threatens

America and the world this blessed Christmas day, A. D. 1934.

Is it not time for those who would save our civilization to wake from sleep and get to work?

REV. MORGAN M. SHEEDY.

DRUG STORE DISPLAYS

Palisades Park, N. J.

TO the Editor: The fact that I buy, and sometimes read, your paper may indicate that I am a little interested in public affairs, if not the arts and literature. Therefore I congratulate you on your glorious ten years and wish you, "Many happy returns." Naturally I have "an axe to grind," so I shall proceed with the theme.

Last Sunday on my way to church I passed a drug store that had a daring, indecent and insidious display of what perhaps should be called clinical necessities. The priest (not in this town) preached rather at length on the achievements of the Catholic Church in the recent "movie boycott." The thought came to me that we are all a little too prone to contemplate the past glories of the Church; it is, at least, smug and comfortable. And it is almost always more resting to discuss the conditions in Mexico, Spain, Russia and Germany than to take arms against our outrages—dark allies of crime.

The Catholic Church needs no defense of her culture. She needs a few more boycotts, if you will. I thought of how Mrs. Carry Nation would have treated that display of drugs, but I had not the courage to break the window and go to jail. So I hung my head and walked rapidly past, leaving the mess for other women and young girls to feel the embarrassment of these exposures.

It is about time to put all the emergency brakes on the drug stores, before they become too great a problem—if they are not already. It seems to me that the old-time saloon was sweet and chaste compared with the modern drug store. At least the saloon did not serve young girls and children with things worse than ale and wine.

Your paper might champion this cause which is relatively more vital than what is happening in China.

Another thing that needs to be purified is the advertisements in the magazines and street cars. So please lead out your army of cultured exponents. If you or they will smash a few drug store windows, the cause of decency may get proper attention and support.

ADELAIDE KEENA.

S. O. S.

Markesan, Wis.

TO the Editor: During the week the Christmas issue of THE COMMONWEAL appeared carrying the Chesterton article on Fisher and More, I was engaged reading a book devoted to the life of the latter. During More's residence at Brussels he put the following question: "An aneria capta in withernamia sint irreplegibilia?"

Who of the past masters in Latin among your readers will render a translation? I find myself not only unable to solve the query, but to comprehend the terms of it.

EUGENE A. MORAN.

Books

Recent Verse

Amaranth, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

Frontiers: American Historical Ballads and Legends, by Daniel Henderson. Boston: Bruce Humphries. \$2.00.

Threshold and Hearth, by Marya Zaturenska. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Collected Poems: 1921-1931, by William Carlos Williams. New York: The Objectivist Press. \$2.00.

Discrete Series, by George Oppen. New York: The Objectivist Press. \$1.00.

Songs from Prison: Translations of Indian Lyrics Made in Jail by M. K. Gandhi; adapted for the press by John S. Hoyland. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.90.

IF ONE were to consider as "mysticism" Mr. Robinson's new poem, one would be guilty both of a falsification of the word and this obscure allegorical morality, which is neither concise and illuminating allegory nor profound moralizing. And if it were Mr. Robinson's purpose to write a "philosophical" poem, surely there is sufficient excuse for failure to apprehend his purpose: its philosophy—in the vulgar sense of meaning or purport—seems only to be a quasi-fatalistic justification of the self. It is something like that *bête noire* of philosophers, the "personal philosophy" excessively and flaccidly admired in a country of few collective convictions and fewer philosophical or spiritual ones. It is no Miltonic justification of the ways of God toward men, no justification of the ways of men toward man or of man toward men, but it is what T. S. Eliot is reported to have called "The Waste Land," a sort of "private grumbling" justifying by obscure arguments, illumination of a questionable source and variety, and a curiously opaque "mysticism," the choices which compose the self. If, however, Mr. Robinson should complain that the purpose of his poem is something quite else, one would need feel little discomfiture for having misconstrued it, for its evasiveness and its obscurity are such that concise interpretation is a matter of the greatest uncertainty. That is, one hopes, to all but Mr. Robinson himself.

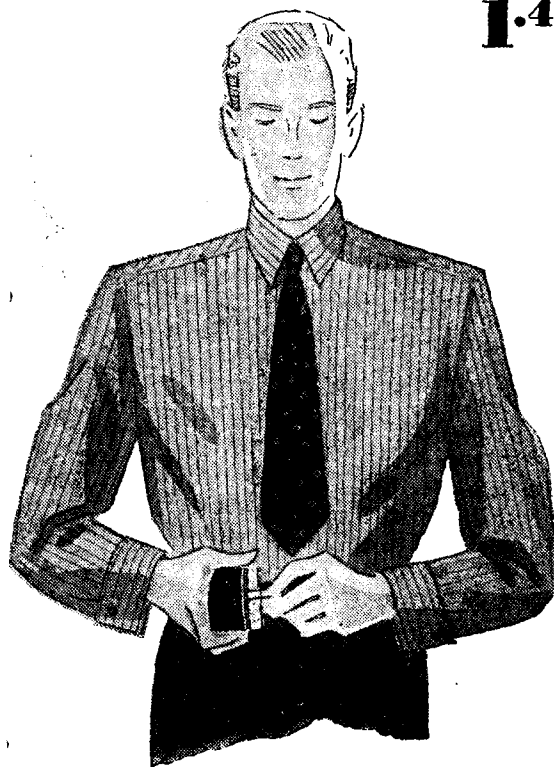
Fargo, a painter who, not like Botticelli because of a conversion, had burned all but one of his paintings and abandoned art, is belabored by a dream in which appear various figures obscurely presenting the various obscure arguments of the poem. He is accompanied intermittently by "Amaranth," "the flower that never dies," who might be Conscience, but of this, as of the import of the poem as a whole, one cannot be sure. Together they meet a poet who hangs himself, a lawyer, a writer, a composer and various others who had chosen the "wrong world." The poem is episodic in construction, and written in blank verse. Among Mr. Robinson's poems, it is a minor one, alas. Composed, one supposes, in a genuine desire to illumine the darkness of these times, it shows Mr. Robinson "not yet assured of his illumination."

For most contemporary poets, the ballad form is a snare for the unwary. Few have been able to achieve

—B. ALTMAN & CO.—

**extraordinary sale
of men's shirts**

1.45



**a shirt value that justifies your
purchasing a season's supply.
Smart, British-type colored
stripings woven into quality
broadcloth. Fine-fabric whites.
All constructed from combed,
long-staple yarns, and expertly
tailored in the wanted collar
styles, sizes and sleeve lengths.
Included are neckband, collar
attached, tab and two match-
ing stiff collar models.**

main floor

Fifth Ave. • New York • East Orange • White Plains

NEXT WEEK

THE LIMITATIONS OF ECONOMIC INTERNATIONALISM, by John A. Ryan, is a title that will have to be shortened; but because of its descriptiveness, it can stand here. Monsignor Ryan, professor of moral theology and industrial ethics at the Catholic University and Director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, is probably the most practical and authoritative man the Church has on these vital economic matters in this country. He has been a champion of social justice since he fought for one of the first minimum wage laws in his home state of Minnesota many years ago, and he has had first hand contact with both Old and New Deal political economy in Washington and in various sections of the nation. His article, which will be published in two consecutive issues, is of immediate interest. . . . A WORD ABOUT BABBITT, by Russell Wilbur, already described as "a brilliant outline of the study necessary in our time of the combined natural and supernatural orders which meet and unite in man" and scheduled for this issue, has been held over to the next. . . . THE LITTLE CORNER, by Dixon Wecter, is a personal narrative about a lady of faith and charity in Mexico struggling to preserve some civilized decency, some social decorum and courtesy, peacefulness and human helpfulness under the threats of murder and incendiarism against these things. . . . EDUCATION LOOKS FORWARD, by James E. Cummings, Assistant Director of the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, tells of a proposed New Deal in American educational methods and reports most informatively on present conditions.

with it much besides an indifferent fulfilment of the mechanical demands of a form. Little of the spirit of balladry has found house in these attempts. The spontaneous ballads of the hills and the prairies are nearer poetry, however crude, than all the contemporary ones of what one might call the "arts-and-crafts" school. The exceptions that come most readily to mind are certain ballads by Leonora Speyer, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Kenneth Thorpe. Mr. Henderson's ballads and legends are not among these. They are perhaps too embrasive geographically to have their source in profundity of feeling—the Mormon trail, New England, Virginia, Georgia, Cape Horn, so on. They are exercises of a talent of which the excellent expression is found elsewhere, in lyrics.

Obscure for being impure and imperfect perceptions, Miss Zaturenska's poems are sometimes mystical poems, sometimes distinctly not. Mysticism is found in this book, but as metal in ore. The obscurities, or rather the impurities, of these poems are perhaps less fault of perception than expression, a matter of compromise, indifferent effort for precise statement, accepting the ready and false image for the true, precise, hard to find. As a collection, which includes poems written over fifteen years or so, it is an obscure one, lacking singleness of purpose. The mystical poems are, without doubt, the finest. In fact, Miss Zaturenska has often written well—with simplicity, force, clarity. True, she has written "occasional pieces" of no great consequence, but some ten or fifteen poems in a book of fifty-eight pages make apparent her right to be considered one of the significant women poets of the time. Her verse is distinguishable chiefly for its "quiet eloquence." This is the book of a contemplative talent that will increase in eloquence as it increases in inner conviction and quietude. It has no need of "experience." It will flower best in niggard soil.

It is the guileless naturalness of William Carlos Williams that is most likely to deceive, and does. His is a simple heart unconcealed, without guile. Saints on the one hand, and bums on the others, would understand his poems, his heart: people with rules and formulae to apply are likely to understand neither. His heart in wonder and in love opens poem-ly. These poems of his are direct, simple, lacking in "fine" writing, full of pure song. In these times, he remembers: love, that it is direct, full of mysteries when it speaks commonly the speech of common love. In these times, his poems are like something of spring's kept for remembrance against evil days. Nevertheless, he is a realist, and an "objectivist." Nevertheless, love is to him something communicable in terms of "the plums that were in the ice-box and which you were probably saving for breakfast," more precisely than in terms of Greece and eighteen-tube Apollos dead on the sands of Crete. He knows that "love is unworldly and nothing comes of it but love." He "at least can understand having sinned willingly." He is realist in that he knows "the pure products of America go crazy," "objectivist" in knowing "the profound detail of the woods," "red stars—a severed cod-head between two green stones—lifting, falling;" and, by im-

plication, a sort of minor psalmist who knows that "everywhere Red Lily in your common cup all beauty lies." He knows the purity of the actual world of things.

Mr. Oppen is an "objectivist," his poems statements of objective fact, devoid, except for an image here and there which permits, but is not, an interpretation beyond the factual statement, of comment, even if deliberate connotive arrangement. Mr. Oppen is a scientist: he records. He is not a philosopher, systematizing values, conjuring interpretations from facts. His poems nowhere suggest or establish his subjective values. It is the absence of "interpretation" that distinguishes Mr. Oppen's poems from those of William Carlos Williams, which superficially they resemble. Dr. Williams is, by comparison, a moralist, a critic of ferocity and acumen. The customary paraphernalia of poetry is absent from Mr. Oppen's book: it is as stripped of simile, metaphor, musical effects, as a motor-car engine. As objects, his poems are pleasing or not, in the way that turbines, cogs, pistons, are pleasing, or meaningless.

One who has read at all the poetry of India, even the lush, florid poems of contemporaries in which an austere literature is debased, must have been impressed by the similarity there exists between the symbolism of the eastern and western mystics. And one is not to be blamed if, coming without warning upon these poems of which Gandhi "had prepared a rough translation for English friends, but principally by Mira," while he was imprisoned at Poona in 1930, one think the similarity greater than actually it is. For "in preparing Mr. Gandhi's translation for publication in the West," Mr. Hoyland "thought best to omit certain material, chiefly Indian names and symbolism," and to adopt for them "a metrical form." It is, therefore, unfortunately not Gandhi's translation which the reader has: indeed, it is, in the strict sense, no translation at all, but a sort of free rendering. Mr. Hoyland's revisions of Gandhi's texts are unfortunate. They confuse one, and they are likely to cause in the unwary reader's mind a lamentable confusion between the identity of the supreme being of Hindu philosophy and the Triune God. They can be of no interest, except as curiosities, either to students of Sanskrit scriptures or the thought of India: to students of philosophy, they will be misleading; to guileless pietists, a danger. To readers ready to judge these poems simply as poetry, they will give pleasure, but since Hindu poetry without "Indian names and symbolism" is certainly not Hindu if it be poetry, they are to be regarded chiefly as Mr. Hoyland's.

RAYMOND LARSSON.

Haranguers for Liberty

Tracts on Liberty in the Puritan Revolution; edited by William Haller. New York: Columbia University Press. \$12.50.

THEOLOGICAL controversy in the seventeenth century is a practically forgotten dispute, though students of English literature do see a little of Milton's tracts. Professor Haller has wandered about in this realm

Brotherhood Day FEB. 24

The Week-End Nearest Washington's Birthday Affords an Opportunity to Focus Attention in Your Community Upon Methods for Furthering Justice, Amity, and Cooperation Among Protestants, Catholics, and Jews.

"It shall be my endeavor to . . . contribute whatever may be in my power towards the preservation of the civil and religious liberties of the American people." —George Washington.

A DISMAL HISTORY Puritans (1600's) exile Quakers, whip forty and kill four. "Know-Nothings" (1850's) butcher Irish and burn their homes. A.P.A. (1890's) defames Catholics by fraud and forgery. Ku-Klux Klan (1920's) fanatically deny human rights to Negroes, Jews, Catholics. Nazi totalitarianism, Mexico's anti-religious policy (1935) endangers by example personal liberty everywhere.

A HOPEFUL OUTLOOK "Catholics, Jews, and Protestants must know one another, as we are all members of the crew of the same ship. Our cooperation as citizens is necessary for the safety of the ship, and every ignorance and every prejudice among us is a danger." —Newton D. Baker.

A COOPERATIVE PROGRAM You are invited to the first national Institute on Human Relations at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., August 22-30, 1935. This Institute will consider:

- what local committees can do to improve inter-group relations through education programs in churches, schools, colleges, women's groups, service clubs, radio, newspapers;
- what we can learn from other countries about racial and religious problems;
- what areas permit cooperation without sacrifice of conviction.

There will be courses in five social sciences and popular informational lectures on current social problems.

Write for Williamstown Institute program and registration information.

Write for information, resource material, discussion outlines and programs for Brotherhood Day.

The National Conference Of Jews And Christians

289 Fourth Avenue, New York City

HON. NEWTON D. BAKER

PROF. CARLTON J. H. HAYES

MR. ROGER W. STRAUS
Co-Chairmen

EVERETT R. CLINCHY, Ph.D.
Director

ROBERT A. ASHWORTH, D.D.

Educational Secretary
BENSON Y. LANDIS, Ph.D.
Research Secretary

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION
OF FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

ANNOUNCES

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

IN A LECTURE

"Pioneer Women Novelists"

BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE LECTURE LEAGUE

Sunday Afternoon, January 27, 3 P. M.
Grand Ballroom, Hotel Commodore

A recent convert Miss Kaye-Smith belongs to the great tradition of English literature and to the great tradition of Hardy, Galsworthy and Hewlett. On this, her first visit to America, the noted novelist will appear before an audience which is already enthusiastic about her work.

TICKETS AT \$1.65 RESERVED AND \$1.10 UNRESERVED
MAY BE OBTAINED BY MAIL FROM THE OFFICE OF THE
ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION, ROOM 736, WOOLWORTH
BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The new safe-deposit facilities at both our
Chambers Street and Uptown offices afford
the most modern protection for your valu-
able papers.

This makes one more service added to our
other conveniences, such as foreign drafts,
travelers' checks, and a bureau for advice
on investments.

**EMIGRANT
INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS
BANK**

Resources over \$467,000,000

UPTOWN OFFICE
5 East 42nd Street

DOWNTOWN OFFICE
51 Chambers Street, at City Hall

of oblivion, guided by the belief that liberty was one of the issues at stake, and that out of the literary war about the rights of dissident churches there came eventually a truce which has since been termed toleration. Other topics suggested themselves along the route, such as for example the influence of Milton. The total result is contained in the three volumes before us, two of which afford excellent facsimile reproductions of nineteen tracts by various writers while the third provides a scholarly commentary.

The value of this work to the student of the English seventeenth century is very considerable. It supplies material on the basis of which one can estimate more accurately the intellectual background against which the major intellects of that troubled time were forced to move, and it throws light on the genesis of social movements which attained full flower much later. Besides these old controversialists were not devoid of literary merit, as a glance at John Goodwin will show.

Whether or not this debate, which led churchmen to defend the autonomy of parliament on the ground that only so could liberty of conscience be secured, was of vital importance in the history of democratic institutions is, of course, another matter. Professor Haller's commentary suffers from the fault of insufficient coordination with what was happening elsewhere. The theory of natural rights was not hatched in the seventeenth century, as he suggests; and he ought to have borne in mind, for instance, that regicide had been defended on the basis of such rights by Mariana, the Jesuit. Undoubtedly, however, the English experience of the seventeenth century did have a great deal to do with the form which Anglo-Saxon political institutions later on assumed. We find ourselves wishing that Professor Haller had worked this out more clearly. Even so, his work was the product of ardent devotion to high ideals of scholarship and adds something of merit to existing instruments for the diffusing of knowledge.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Resignation

When the Looms Are Silent, by Maxence van der Meersch; translated by Frederick A. Blossom. New York: William Morrow and Company. \$2.50.

"WHEN THE LOOMS ARE SILENT" demands unsparing criticism because it constantly forces a reader to make tremendous moral decisions. Even as full a story as this cannot furnish within itself sufficient experience for making judgments which the reader feels obligated to make by accounts of people starving and killing and sinning and loving. The circumstances in the book assume previous happenings. In such a case a writer has no conceivable right to ask the reader to concentrate on what happens within the covers of the book, and to react directly to that with no prejudices or any consideration for conceptions already formed. A story of a textile strike is inextricably implicated in life.

This book sustains criticism and convinces that it is as honest as possible. It is of course colored by the

philosophy of the writer, and the inevitable effort to assess this coloring is a great vexation of spirit. It is especially hard because the book for the book's sake is excellent. It is the intense and gruelling history of a strike that comes to the Rue des Longue Haies, a slum street in a northern French mill town, and persists as a war of attrition until starvation and suppressed riots finally weaken the workers too much to go on. The collapse of moral strength, starvation, violence, cruelty, injustice, freezing are pictured with a wise sympathy which recognizes evil as not only evil but a deprivation of life.

The author is apparently some sort of philosophic anarchist and he looks at the chaos of the capitalist confusion and revolutionary effort with peculiarly aloof and tragic resignation. The latter part of the book seems somewhat too deliberately constructed to express his apparent belief in the possible altruism of individuals and the inevitable failure of organized group systems. The book very fittingly starts with a quotation from Anton Chekhov, and it has throughout much of the overwhelming sympathetic appeal that Chekhov has when talking about crime and love and frustration.

"When the Looms Are Silent" is not a torch leading to clear social action, but it is a story that shows why people look for torches.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

A Photographer

America and Alfred Stieglitz, A Collective Portrait, by twenty-five contributors; edited by Waldo Frank, Lewis Mumford, Dorothy Norman, Paul Rosenfeld and Harold Rugg. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.50.

THE most distinguished of these twenty-five essays on a great American is the one by William Carlos Williams, in which Stieglitz is presented as a Titan who strengthened American artists at the same time that he made the best contemporary work from abroad available to them. (He considerably antedated the Armory Show of 1913 in bringing modern art to America.) R. Child Bayley, the English authority on the history of photography, shows how limited the medium was before Stieglitz began to do his prints in the early eighties. John Marin, that superb water-colorist and oil-painter whom Stieglitz has stood back of for twenty-five years, writes a moving and beautiful short tribute to him. So does Arthur Dove, another painter whom he has supported. Sherwood Anderson closes the volume with his "City Plowman," one of the finest things he has written in recent years.

The other contributors, unfortunately, are not the equal of these. They are overemotional and tell too little, or they do not relate their undoubtedly deep and true reactions to a sufficiently large understanding of their subject. The 120 illustrations—including 40 plates of Stieglitz's more famous photographs—are important and well worth having. But the book on Stieglitz remains to be written.

JEROME MELLQUIST.

Great Mid-Winter Store-Wide 50% Discount Sale

Our entire huge and richly varied stock of Rare, Old, Second-hand and New Books (except new books covered by code).

Offered at Half Price

Cash sales only. No charges. No C.O.D. Librarian, Collectors and Booklovers in General should not miss this.

UNRIVALLED OPPORTUNITY

Write for Free Catalogue

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.

66 5TH AVE., NEW YORK

Phones, ALgonquin 4-7880, 7881

Open Until 10 P. M.

Making Dollars Count

In these days of elusive dollars we naturally want to make every one count, especially in the field of charity. Become a contributor to the Purchase and Maintenance Fund of the Catholic Medical Mission Board and you will hit the mark with every dollar you send.

Summer is a dull season in a charity like ours, but the needy missions never stop their pitiful pleading. Help us raise this summer's average. We need 40 friends to give \$25.00 each, 50 to give \$20.00 each, 100 to give each \$10.00, 200 to give \$5.00 each and 1,000 to give each \$1.00. Send your check to The Catholic Medical Mission Board, Inc., at 8 and 10 West 17th St., New York, N. Y., and it will be thankfully acknowledged.



PHONE FATHER NEPTUNE PENN. 6-0665

Neptune's a good sort. He invites you to visit his home in Bermuda. Loaf and play the day 'round at Bermuda's brilliant waterfront hotel . . . Inverurie, conveniently near the new and beautiful St. Theresa's Roman Catholic Church.

INVERURIE in BERMUDA

Illustrated literature from your travel agency, or Bermuda Hotels, Incorporated, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or J. E. Connelly, Manager in Bermuda.

College of Notre Dame of Maryland

Charles Street Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women
 Affiliated with the Catholic University of America
 Registered by University of the State of New York and by the
 Maryland State Board of Education. Accredited by the Association
 of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and
 Maryland. Member of the America Council of Education. Courses
 leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts. Address Registrar.

NOTRE DAME PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Resident and Day Pupils Address Secretary

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa.

Conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.
 A College for Catholic Women. Incorporated under the laws of
 the State of Pennsylvania with power to confer Degrees in Arts,
 Sciences and Letters. Junior year abroad. For resident and non-
 resident students. Situated eleven miles from Philadelphia on
 the Main Line of the P. R. R. Address Registrar

ACADEMY OF ST. JOSEPH

IN-THE-PINES

BRENTWOOD, LONG ISLAND

Boarding School for Young Ladies

(Preparatory Collegiate) Affiliated with the State University

Complete Courses in Art, Vocal and Instrumental Music
 EXTENSIVE GROUNDS, LARGE CAMPUS, ATHLETICS
 HORSEBACK RIDING

ADDRESS: MOTHER SUPERIOR

BETHANY REST HOUSE

(Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters)

DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AMONG THE WESTCHESTER HILLS
 Spacious Grounds—Modern Structure—Excellent Table and Service
 Comfort and Refinement—Chapel—Daily Mass

REASONABLE RATES

Sr. Directors, BETHANY HOUSE, Ossining, Maryknoll, P. O., N. Y.
 Tel. No. Ossining 1452

SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS COLLEGE

Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.

Accredited Catholic College for young women. A.B. and B.S.
 degrees conferred. Outstanding courses in Music, Art, Home
 Economics, Journalism, Teacher-Training. Modern, well-
 equipped buildings.

ALL SPORTS

MODERATE RATES

For Catalogue

Address: The Secretary, Box 64

TRINITY COLLEGE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

An Institution for the Higher Education of Women
 Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur. Accredited by
 the Association of American Universities. Graduates eligible for
 membership in American Association of University Women.

For particulars, address

THE REGISTRAR OF THE COLLEGE

Ravenhill

GERMANTOWN, PENNA.

Boarding and Day School for Girls
 Conducted by the Religious of the Assumption
 College Preparatory—General Courses
 Apply to The Reverend Mother

Academy of the Assumption

SCHOOL HOUSE LANE, GERMANTOWN, PA.

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

Church Vestments, Altar Linen
 Ecclesiastical Embroidery

Conferences with reference to the
 adornment of churches

Old Embroidery Transferred

147 EAST 47th ST. NEW YORK
 ELdorado 5-1058

Briefer Mention

Life à la Henri, by Henri Charpentier and Boyden
 Sparkes. New York: Simon and Schuster. \$3.00.

M. CHARPENTIER, whose illustrious Lynbrook
 restaurant was visited by the great and the hungry,
 worked harder at the job of chef and host than most
 hitherto recorded ants toil laying up food for the winter.
 Yes, his has been a successful career. It is true that he
 coaxed many into eating too heartily, but he served them
 with viands not conducive to gastronomic upheavals. The
 reason was possibly—as Henri himself seems to think—
 a matter of Nicean heritage. Or was it the consequence
 of an art which transmuted lobsters, crawfish, snails and
 chickens into unmaterial things, retaining naught of earth
 save flavor and aroma? The reader can decide for him-
 self. A goodly number of recipes which sound astonish-
 ingly good are included in the book; and if one can find a
 cook energetic enough to do all the stirring recommended,
 the result may be a contented husband somewhere or
 other. Otherwise one may be satisfied with the beguil-
 ing details about numerous dinners consumed by Ed-
 ward VII, Sarah Bernhardt, and—above all—Diamond
 Jim Brady, whose capacity was extraordinary. Mr.
 Sparkes's function is to supply what his name suggests.
 He performs it admirably, quite à la Henri.

Pirate Wench, by Frank Shay. New York: Ives Wash-
 burn. \$2.50.

"PIRATE WENCH" is the fictionized biography of
 the only woman who commanded a pirate vessel on the
 Spanish Main. Mr. Shay tells the story of Mary Read,
 who died just in time to escape the gallows after a
 career of military service and buccaneering in male attire,
 with time out for several marriages. She performed ex-
 ploits which, for a girl of eighteen, would seem to
 strain the reader's credibility but are based on fact, the
 author assures us. It is a picaresque tale, with stress on
 its melodrama, and would provide a lively vehicle for
 Hollywood. The author presents the pirates' lurid
 history realistically but not offensively, with the excep-
 tion of one or two incidents which could have been
 omitted.

CONTRIBUTORS

MARY L. McCLURE, a contributor to current periodicals, has
 been an investigator on the federal Occupational Survey of Relief
 Families.

MARY STACK is an instructor in English at Brooklyn College
 and St. Joseph's College for Women, Brooklyn.

H. E. THE MARCHESE GUGLIELMO MARCONI is the inventor of
 wireless telegraphy.

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN is an Irish poet.

HELENE MULLINS writes articles, stories and poems.

LYDIA B. LITTELL is an Oregon poet.

RAYMOND LARSSON, poet and critic, is the author of "O City,
 Cities," "A Sheaf" and "Wherefore: Peace."

PHILIP BURNHAM is a member of THE COMMONWEAL staff.

JEROME MELLQUIST writes literary reviews.